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NATIONAL TALES.

Here are more Romances, of our own and neighbouring countries. *Anon.*

——————'Tis a history
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale.
Southey.

Vol I

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY W. B. GILLEY, BLISS AND WHITE,
WILDER AND CAMPBELL, AND
J. V. SEAMAN.

1825.

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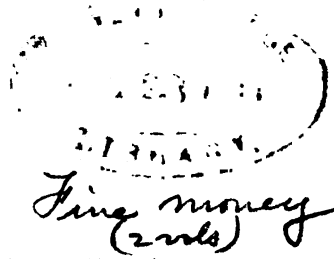

Fine money (2 vols)

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1825, in the forty ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. R. ROBERTSON, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"National Tales.

Here are more Romances, of our own and neighbouring countries.
Anon.

'Tis a history
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale.
Southey."

IN CONFORMITY to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned;" and also, to an act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER.

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PREFACE.

This volume is presented to the public as the first of a projected *Series of Tales*, translated and compiled from the writings of different authors, in every country, who have acquired celebrity in this department of literature. At no period has a greater number of works of fiction appeared in Europe than the present, and if reliance were to be placed on the recommendations of foreign journalists, we might be led to believe that they were more instructive than any tales or romances that preceded them.

A perusal, however, of the books themselves sufficiently shows, that scarcely one out of twenty possess interest to justify a second edition in the place where it first appears, or to warrant a reprint in the United States. Among some twenty or thirty tales, which some of the volumes contain, we rarely find more than two or three that repay the

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time occupied by a perusal; and even these are frequently consigned to oblivion, amidst the rubbish introduced to swell out a volume by some mercenary publisher.

It has been a primary object with the projector of this series, to rescue such of these neglected tales as seem to possess novelty and interest, from a fate so undeserving; and, by printing them in a form combining economy with neatness, to furnish an occasional volume of entertainment and instruction, suited to the prevailing taste, and within the reach of every one desirous of mental gratification. When unnecessarily long, the tales will be curtailed; the story of a novel extending to several volumes, will sometimes be presented in a condensed form; and all passages entrenching on the rules of decorum, or inconsistent with established opinions, will be expunged.

Should the specimen now offered meet with general approbation, it is intended to publish a similar volume once every three months. When original tales of merit come within the reach of the editor, (and he trusts he will be favoured with many) they will be preferred to those of a foreign growth. Although this is not the country of romance, there is abundant evidence that we possess talent for works of imagination, which, in several instances, would do credit to a people longer ac-

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customed than we have been to productions of this nature.

Contributions for future volumes of "National Tales" are requested to be forwarded to J. V. SEAMAN, Bookseller, 221 Broadway, addressed to the editor.

New-York, July, 1825.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Freebooter - - - -	9
Transmigration - - - -	60
The Thessalian Lovers - - -	75
Mary Stukeley - - - -	91
The Fair Marselloise - - -	115
The Fortress of Saguntum - -	177
Imilda de' Lambertazzi - - -	201
The Monks of La Trappe - -	211
Goodrich Castle - - - -	235
Master and Man - - - -	256

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea sorrow.
The Tempest.

In the year ——, after a ramble through the wilds of Caledonia, I re-entered England by "our good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed," and travelling at a leisurely rate southward, gratified my curiosity by visiting some of the most memorable vestiges of Northumbrian grandeur—the scenes of many a stern conflict celebrated in border song. To those, in fact, who, like myself, have a tinge of romance in their disposition, no part of England offers a wider field for its indulgence, or the continued excitement of local emotion, than "bleak Northumbria" as Falconer is pleased to term it. Here the Scottish Borderer loved to prick from the Cheviot with a burning wisp at the spear's point; and here the ancestry of our northern countrymen delighted to bless them with the broad-

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sword. Here the Percy battled with the Douglass, and Saint Cuthbert with the Devil; here chivalry glowed with all its enthusiasm, and superstition swayed in all its terrors. Every turn of the road presents the ruins of a monastic or castellated structure. Every stream recals a tale of the past; every hill has its legend. I passed the desolate moon of Coldingham, once famous for its monastery, and the story of a Lady-abbess who sacrificed her nose and upper-lip to the preservation of her chastity; visited the priory of Lindisfarne and the retreat of Saint Cuthbert on one of the Farn Islands, where the print of Satan's foot was shown me in various places; Hulne Abbey, the first establishment of Carmelite Friars in this kingdom; and many a "fair structure," as old Leland would say, beside. As, however, I am introducing a narrative, not writing a tour, it may be sufficient to inform the reader that one evening, on quitting the village of Howick for the remains of Dunstanborough Castle, one or two trifling accidents (common to travellers, as well in reality as romance,) so far delayed my progress, that not only had the sun set, but the twilight deepened into shade, before the walls of that majestic building received me. Dunstanborough Castle commands an eminence sloping to the sea, and edged to the northward with precipices in the form of a crescent, by

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the eastern termination of which is an opening in the rocks under a hideous precipice called Rumble Churn, from the roar and tumult of the waves in tempestuous weather. Immediately above this is the main entrance of the castle, a mass of gateway, defended by huge flanking towers, in the round, heavy style of old Saxon architecture, and which frowned defiance on more than one royal assailant during the wars of York and Lancaster. Through this I passed with a befitting portion of pensive and solemn feeling, and, as it was now impossible to distinguish objects with precision, resolved to await the rising of the moon, and, in the interim, perambulate at leisure through the area of the broken fabric.

Monk Lewis and my friend T. S——e have both thought proper to versify a legend relating to this Castle; in which a certain knight, having failed to dissolve certain enchantments, is condemned to wander for ever among the ruins, in an eternal but fruitless search of the mystic chamber in which he is supposed to have made his first unsuccessful and fatal effort.

"Far as the aged pile extends
From morn to eve his course he bends,
And vainly seeks again to find
The stairs to the haunted hall that wind;
Full many an age his course hath run,
Nor yet his life nor search are done."

The Wanderer of Dunstanborough.

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To this tale of the olden time my thoughts naturally recurred while pacing amid the gloom and solitude of the ruins. Fancy was busied sketching the figure of the wanderer tottering among the remains of the Chapel, and I had fixed my eye on a certain archway where his appearance at such a moment would be most effectually picturesque, when in reality it was darkened by some passing object, and, had either my superstition or imagination been somewhat of a stronger cast, I might have concluded that the hero of the tale was coming upon me in propriâ personâ; my apprehension, however, was dull and common-place enough to suggest that either some animal of the domestic kind was peregrinating like the white doe of Ryswick, or that, like myself, some romantic traveller had lingered to enjoy the scene in the calm moonlight, now gradually brightening over the cliffs and the grey towers that surmount them. This latter conjecture proved nearest to the truth, and in another instant a stranger advanced towards me, not with the undetermined step of a loiterer, but the firm resolved pace of one disposed for colloquy and prepared to meet it. His figure, even by the uncertain light in which I beheld it, had something prepossessing, and he was evidently on the youthful side of the middle age. I addressed him with the frankness of an equal, in the style which it was

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natural to imagine would best harmonize with the feelings of both—with the hour and with the scene.

"I believe, sir, we are mutually indebted an apology for this intrusion on our respective reveries, and, as the best reparation in the power of either, should mutually aid each other to regain the lost clue of thought in conversation." "Perhaps, sir," replied the stranger in a tone of reserve, "a more congenial course would be to pass, and disturb each other no more." "Not to my feelings, I assure you, and permit me to hope, not decidedly to yours; my greeting has probably been conveyed in blunter terms than the etiquette of a city prescribes; but scenes like these around us have such an aspect of the olden times, we forget, while gazing upon them, the refinements of our own; besides, we encountered too suddenly for a more guarded salutation, and as good king Robert observes;

"—In deserts when they meet
Men pass not as in peaceful street."

"Your frankness, sir, sits well upon you; I will return it, by asking if you are alone?" "Alone!" I exclaimed with some surprise, "you see no living creature near but ourselves, and I am no magician to enjoy the converse of an invisible familiar." "I was not greatly apprehensive of that,"

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answered my new companion, in a manner which left me doubtful whether he entered into the spirit of my reply, or wished to mark his contempt of its peculiarity. Immediately after he added, "the female, then, whom I observed a few minutes ago, has not the honour of your protection?" "Assuredly not," was my reply, "nor can I imagine that a solitary female, of whatever rank, would at such an hour make choice of such a spot for her unprotected rambles." "You may readily convince yourself," he replied; "look to the right."

And, in fact, glancing my eye in that direction, it rested on the figure of a woman, emerging from the deep black shade thrown by the fragment of a ruin, and moving to and fro with a quick restlessness, and an apparent indecision of course or purpose, which puzzled me exceedingly to account for. Sometimes she stooped to the ground, as if in the act of raising or plucking something, then walked a few hurried paces to the left, then turned as suddenly to the right, and at every change of path, flung her arms upwards with a peculiar wildness, or waved for a few seconds something contained in her right hand. We drew slowly towards her; on observing which, she instantly became stationary, and awaited our approach with the motionless silence of a statue; one hand pressed, apparently with violence, on her brow,—the other,

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which was filled with weeds and long grass, dropping listlessly by her side. As she stood in the clear, broad moonlight, I was enabled to survey her features distinctly: they were of a delicate cast, or, at least, to speak with more correctness, had once been so, and yet retained sufficient traces of their earlier expression to augur favorably of the possessor's rank in society; but sorrow of no ordinary nature had anticipated the malice of time, and the lines which years are sometimes slow to trace on the brow of fortune's indifferent children, conflicts of internal agony had deepened prematurely on her's. It was the countenance of one who had numbered, perhaps, five-and-twenty summers, and during that portion of them which claimed a place in the calendar of womanhood, had endured the very extreme of ill, adversity in its blackest shape, the wreck of hope and the blight of reason. She was ghastly pale; her thin, white lips slightly convulsed, as if indistinctly murmuring to herself, and her pale, blue eyes wandering vacantly from object to object, with all the restlessness and wild light of insanity. The figure of this unfortunate was slight, and far from inelegant, but it lost something of its interest by the strange, and almost ludicrous confusion of dress which enveloped it; several long shawls or scarfs being disposed about her person in a sort of fes-

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toon shape, and looped over various ill-according garments of different colours, and of the most contradictory fashions. Her hair, which was of a light brown, had attained a surprising length, and was brought forward in bands coarsely plaited, that rose one above another over her brow; forming a kind of fantastic coronet.

To my inquiry, whether she was wandering alone, and at such an hour? she replied in a low, subdued tone of voice: "To the Churn: he rows his boat there at midnight:—they tell me he cannot drown, but I topple down grey stones that would sink a fleet, and when the billows foam and curl and burst over his head, I'll shriek for joy, and bid him swim lustily! Come, come and watch!"

"Who are you, my poor maiden?"

"The lady of Dunstanboro'."

"And who has injured you so deeply, that you would have so fierce a revenge?"

"I'll not tell. Do you think I'm mad to speak of it while the moonlight sleeps on the sea? I tell you it blew a tempest, the clouds rolled before the wind large and black, and the waves tumbled over us merrily, though I think I have never been merry since! and the thunder sang to us, and then we all prayed but one; so the old man went to his grave, and I could never pray more!"

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"Eternal Heavens!" exclaimed the stranger, clasping his brow with both hands, with a violence of emotion which at once alarmed and surprised me.

"Aye!" said the maniac, "*you* may pray, but not for *him:* come, sit down here, and I'll teach you to curse like the evil one! It drives away the heart-ache, and cools a hot brain like the night-dew; after that I can sleep for a long, long minute, and never dream of the sad days that are gone. Come, sirs, come," and hurrying forward, she caught my arm, but, with the capricious wayward-ness of her usual manner, released it again instant-ly, saying, "no, not with you, not with you."

"And why not?" I replied.

"Because you look sad, and I'll go with this laughing stranger. Come, sir, show me to Rum-ble Churn."

She advanced to my companion, whose intensity of emotion (from whatever cause arising) did not appear to have abated, drew his hands impatiently from his face, gazed upon it for a moment, and then uttering a piercing shriek, which the grey ruins reverberated fearfully back, sank at his feet as if motionless for ever. That some mysterious connection subsisted between this unfortunate girl and the object of her present alarm or surprise, was not to be doubted; but the time admitting of

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no queries, I assisted to raise and revive her in silence; the stranger murmuring in a tone of suppressed bitterness, "Oh! villain! villain!" but whether in an agony of self-accusal, or apostrophizing the spirit of another, I was, of course, altogether ignorant.

A fisherman's cottage stood at a short distance upon the beach, and being the nearest human habitation, thither we resolved to convey her. It was a wretched hovel, scarcely capable of protecting its inmates from the bitter inclemency of the elements, to which at certain seasons the situation must have exposed it; but in the calm of an autumnal night, a slight breeze only rising at intervals, and the tide breaking far out with an almost imperceptible murmur, the discomfort of its aspect was considerably lessened; a ruddy light, too, glared from the casement, and on a near approach, we heard laughter and other sounds of merriment from within, ill-according, it is true, with our predominant feelings, but so far welcome as they promised the ready means of reviving the helpless creature under our protection, and an opportunity of learning some particulars of her fate. To the impatient knock and call of my companion, the proprietor himself gave answer; a short, stout built, weather-beaten man of about forty-five, evidently in a state of exhilaration from the use of

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some strong liquid, and equally disposed to jest with the miserable and the gay. He admitted us without appearing to comprehend the nature of our visit, or, indeed, to trouble himself with a moment's reflection upon the subject; but giving an antic caper across the floor with a sort of drunken vivacity, he resumed at once his seat and his song, to the infinite delight of some four or five bon-vivants who had disposed themselves round a small table in the middle of the hut, and in the true spirit of sea-faring men, for such they were, smoked, and laughed, and shouted, and pushed round the glass and pitcher; which latter vessel might, at the commencement of their revelry, have held, perhaps, about three quarts.

This jovial party appeared somewhat embarrassed by our entrance, and wheeling round upon their seats, stared as if doubtful how to construe the intrusion, while we drew an old chest towards the fire that blazed cheerfully in a corner, and seating the object of our attention, endeavoured, as we best might, to recal her to animation. I was about to interrupt our merry host's "wood-notes wild" by requesting a little spirits, when one of the sailors started up, exclaimed in broad Northumbrian, "Aw'l be flogged, Jack, if here isn't Cicy of Ho-

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wick! the cull vesom* shall sing us a sang noo if she never did. Cicy! you jade! tune up, and aw'l gie thee a swig o' †blue-dick!"

"You will do better," said I, "to content yourself with the merriment of your companions, and offer no insult to the unhappy girl while protected by that gentleman and myself."

"Aye, hinnies," replied the fellow with a sarcastic drawl, at the same time stepping towards the hearth, "and what'll *ye* do noo?"

"Lay your head as low as your insolence deserves, and from whence, perhaps, you may never raise it more, if you advance another step towards this unfortunate;" exclaimed my companion with a determined voice, while his brow darkened and a deep flush shot into his cheek.

"We'll suin‡ try that, my canny lad!" cried the ruffian, grasping at the maniac's arm, and as suddenly experiencing the consequences of his temerity, being seized by the person he defied, and flung to the ground with a violence that seemed not unlikely to fulfil his previous threat, and with a fatal strictness. The fisherman and his other guests, who had hitherto gazed with a sort of stupid satis-

* A low-live epithet, literally, an idiot.

† A name given by the vulgar in some parts of Northumberland to English gin.

‡ Soon.

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faction on the passing scene, now rose en masse; I conjectured that the fall of their companion would be the signal for hostilities, and prepared to take an active part in the conflict, grasping a boat-hook which lay by the fire, and placing myself by the side of my ally. He, however, decided the affair without blow or bloodshed, for drawing a pistol from his pocket, and setting it upon the full cock, he walked deliberately to the table, struck upon it with the full force of his left hand, as if to command attention, then seizing a glass, ordered one of the groupe to fill it instantly with spirits, and swore that the first who ventured to oppose should die upon the spot! My astonishment at this piece of stern and decisive daring was only equalled by surprise at its consequence; the whole party quailed silently from his glance, and dropt one by one into their seats, the glass was filled without a murmur, and, throwing down several pieces of money, he retired calmly from the table, only saying, "Now, my good fellows, take up yon meddling fool, pursue your own merriment, and interfere no more with me or mine."

I had heard much of that magic with which a spirit of superior energy can quell and overawe the vulgar, but never till this instant witnessed its actual effect. These rough kernes, each of whom had been an equal match for their opponent, obeyed

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his commands almost to the very letter, reinstating their humbled companion at the festive board, and endeavouring to resume their former good humour with the abashed air of corrected children. Our worthy host, indeed, had immediate recourse to the spirit-pitcher, and after solacing himself with a plentiful libation, struck at once into an ancient border ditty, but either forgetting the context, or lacking spirits to proceed, stopt short in his melody, and the strain died away with a most ungratifying quaver.

In the mean time, poor Cicely returned gradually to sensation, and looking wildly around her, said incoherently, "Keep me upon deck, this cabin is too close."

"Upon deck, Cicely?"

"Yes, I must live and die upon the waters; let me sometimes breathe the fresh air. They say drowning's an easy death, and my poor father never groaned once. Why should he? Gold and all went down, and he loved gold better than me—he'll sleep on the great chest, and a thousand fathoms of line can't bring him up again! Aye, you say true; Foster will never drown, but there's a heaven above, and"—she added with an hysterical laugh, "a hangman at Morpeth—so let's hope for the best, sirs—

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"I was young and lusty,
I was fair and clear,
I was young and lusty,
Many a lang year!"

"Oh! I'm stifled—help me upon deck!"

"You are not at sea now, Cicely," said the stranger in a softened tone.

"I'm glad of it, and I'm glad too that you are here, for my poor brain turned as they rowed on; I think a string broke from my heart with every dash of their oars!" She looked mournfully in his face, and then renewed the old Northumbrian ditty, of which the above is a verse:

"Sair failed Hiney
Sair failed noo,
Sair failed Hiney
Sin' I kenn'd yoo."

The stranger bent over her, with an expression of agony in his countenance, which mere sympathy alone could never have traced: it was the work of a thousand mournful recollections rushing at once upon a wounded spirit, and reviving, with all its painful distinctness, the image of a long suppressed, but unsubdued sorrow. He raised her hand to his lips, and I saw that they were bloodless and quivering. The revellers, whose conviviality we had disturbed, were now perfectly silent, and, apparently, disposed to imitate the example of their entertainer, who, dropping his

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huge head on the table, had composed himself to sleep.

I shall carry this introductory sketch no farther than merely to inform the reader, that having conducted our unhappy charge to a residence in Howick, the stranger and I parted under a mutual promise to meet again at a certain hour on the following morning. We were punctual to our appointment, and as a clue to the mystery of his connection with the maniac, he placed in my hands a written narrative, of which the following is a literal transcript, and informed me that he was travelling northward, but intended to visit London in the winter, when I might restore the document to his possession; that he had resolved on measures to be adopted for the future protection of Cicely, and when we again met, would develope whatever particulars of her fate might subsequently transpire.

The Stranger's Narrative.

I am the sport of fortune; a very feather upon the stream of existence, to which every breath gives an impulse, every ripple a change of course. Smile at these exclamations if you will, but I have that to relate which might well render one more volatile than myself, a stranger to smiles for ever. Read, and acknowledge that I am no causeless murmurer.

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Shortly after the disastrous affair of ——, I determined to quit London, that populous desert! for to me it was no more; and accordingly embarked in the "Caledonia," with the wreck of my property, excepting only the slight portion vested in the hands of my agent in Berwick, to which port the vessel was bound. A fair and fresh breeze carried us in a few hours beyond the Nore, and the rapidity of our course according well with the impatient restlessness of my feelings, I remained upon deck, yielding to the melancholy gratification which minds of an irritable temperament sometimes experience in the alternate rise and disappearance of successive objects. We stood fairly out to sea; but as night darkened, the wind varied a point or two to our disadvantage, and, what was still more unwelcome, the weather grew extremely hazy and thick. About midnight, the fog became so dense it was impossible to distinguish objects at the distance of half the ship's length, and not daring to run at the same rate before the wind, they found it necessary to reduce her canvas. I heard the order given for the top-sails to be double-reefed, and while the men lay out upon the yards accomplishing it, the captain swore to the mate that in such a fog he once ran down a smaller vessel upon the Yorkshire coast, passing over her with such a terrible velocity that the wretched

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victims on board had not even leisure to shriek ere they expired. He had scarcely closed the sentence, when a loud cry of "a sail a head! put the helm up!" from one who had been stationed at the bows to look out, broke alarmingly upon their dialogue. A stunning vociferation of orders followed, "Keep the helm up, and haul in the main sheet! Hard-a-weather the helm! Square away the main-yard! and flatten in the jib-sheet for'ard there, men!" &c. which as the ship did not wear immediately, was followed by the tremendous shock of another vessel striking full upon our own. In an instant all was uproar, confusion and terror: the shouts and imprecations of either crew, together with the darkness of the night, rendered it impossible for some minutes to conceive the extent of our danger. I heard a seaman cry "she's going down!" but knew not to which vessel the exclamation applied; the stranger had carried away almost the entire of her bow-sprit, and ours being locked in her fore-rigging, both ships continued to heave and plunge together by the stern; the sea, which now ran rough and high, breaking furiously over them, and threatening at every plunge to engulph one or both in its foaming depths. The Caledonia's hold and forecastle, however, being examined, her damage was reported inconsiderable; but the redoubled tumult prevailing on board the other vessel, indi-

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cated more terrible consequences, and the stupor in which I had been thrown by the first abrupt shock and confused hubbub of alarming sounds that followed, was now broken by the piercing shrieks of women. Yielding to the first natural impulse, and regardless of the helmsman's admonitions to remain aft, I hurried impatiently forward, just as the crew of the collier (for such she proved to be) were pouring from their own deck on to ours, each impatient to secure existence, and apparently heedless of the agonizing sounds which had roused me to exertion: To force a passage through the increasing throng, to clamber over the bows of either vessel, and gain the companion of the collier's cabin, was, from the pitchy darkness of the night and rolling of the waves, a task to which nothing but such a stimulus, and in such a moment of terrible excitement, could have rendered me equal; but all the energies of my soul were bent to its accomplishment, and in the interim scarcely a feeling of selfish apprehension obtruded. A suppressed scream, and the exclamation "Oh, save me! save me!" thrilled upon my ear, and directed me to the terrified being by whom they were uttered; it was a female, striving in all the agonies of desperation to force the companion door, and vainly striving, for a large spar and several coil of ropes had fallen against it, and mock-

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ed every effort of the weak and exhausted girl they imprisoned. Removing these impedements, I snatched her from her perilous situation; some one at the same instant exclaiming from the hatchway, "O, take me with you, Miss! for the love of God, take me with you!" and in another minute clinging to my arm, uttering shriek upon shriek in the very extacies of fear, as with difficulty I supported the almost sinking frame of my first helpless charge along the deck, stumbling blindly towards the head, and in momentary expectation of a sudden gust tearing the ships asunder and leaving us to perish in the devouring waves. Amidst the confusion of sounds, I could hear a rough voice cry, "Confound the chest! old fellow; come a-board can't you? She's settling by the head"—and, in reply, the feebler accents of an old man, petitioning for help with the frenzied vehemence of despair. He was toiling to heave something weighty over the weather-bow of the Caledonia, and raved for assistance in tones of horror which shocked me to hear, but to which I could only answer by an admonition to preserve life while yet in his power, although the female I was now straining every nerve to place in safety, and had succeeded in committing to the grasp of those on board, repeatedly exclaimed, "My father! save my father!" and seemed unwilling to preserve even her own

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existence while his was in jeopardy. Her maid, the person who had clung to me along the deck, now quitted her grasp, and with the desperate strength which terror sometimes gives to the feeble, passed without help from ship to ship; although a tremendous surge burst over us at the time, and from the immediate cessation of the old man's cries, rendered me apprehensive it had swept him over the side. No leisure, however, was afforded me for further exertion, and I regained the deck of the Caledonia just as orders were given to clear her bowsprit of the rigging in which it was entangled, and lash her helm a-lee. This was scarcely done, when she broke from the collier, and in one instant we lost sight of it for ever, both vessels bounding upon their darkened way, and the latter, in all probability, sinking immediately after, as, according to several of the crew, she was fast filling with water, and indeed gave a warning lurch to leeward as I stepped from her bows. My first care was to learn the fate of the old man. He had escaped, preserving not only life, but the chest which appeared so much the object of his solicitude. Quitting the deck, now crowded with both crews, and where the strange captain was giving vent to distraction for his loss, I next descended to the cabin, anxious to behold once more in safety the lady I had rescued from destruction. She was

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seated on the lockers near her father, whose eyes wandered vacantly from his child to his rescued treasure, and supported by the Caledonia's mate, of whom I shall have much to tell you. The ruddy light of the fire and a suspended lamp glared distinctly upon her, displaying features in which even the strong expression of recent terror could not destroy their wonted delicacy and sweetness. I cannot describe them; but never, till that instant, had the countenance of woman so much of interest for me; never till then had I truly felt of how much magic it is capable, when melancholy without tameness, and beauty without the consciousness of its possession, blend their enchanting hues in the picture! In the words of your favorite poet,

"——Expression poured
Her mingling spirit there."

And when she thanked me as her preserver, all that is estimable in the purely feminine character seemed glowing upon her cheek. I felt even then as if her fortunes were bound up with my own for ever—as if, (romantic folly) existence had nothing more for me, either in its storms or sunshines, than the pursuit of such an object.

Let me dwell no more on my weakness. Cicely Darnton was the only daughter of an only surviving parent, who had embarked with considera-

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ble property in the Alfred, one of the numerous vessels trading between the northern parts and the metropolis, when the deeply rooted penuriousness which overcame his apprehensions of a sea voyage met its reward, by the ship striking with ours and perishing with all he possessed, saving only a single chest, which, as I have related, he preserved at the eminent peril of his existence. In one minute, all the glittering dreams of avarice were destroyed, and the wretched being, who had made gold his deity, now sunk hopeless, heartless, and spirit-broken, as the splendid idol vanished from his gaze. From the moment of his entering the Caledonia he appeared dead to all around him, even the affectionate attentions of poor Cicely failing to break upon his lethargy, and receiving for answer only a vacant stare, or tears shed in the very childishness of sorrow.

The fog cleared away; and after several days' anchorage in Yarmouth roads, we again went merrily before a brisk wind from the south, leaving the Yorkshire eminences quickly behind, and breasting the lofty surge upon the coast of Durham, towards which we drew for the purpose of landing the unfortunate seamen of the collier. Hitherto every effort to engage Darnton in conversation on his affairs or intentions had been ineffectual; but when the ship slackened sail off the

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piers of Sunderland, and he was told to prepare for landing, a light seemed to break upon him for the instant: he would proceed, he said, with the Caledonia to Berwick, and from thence travel as he might to Edinburgh, where, at the residence of an only son, he might be soothed and supported in his calamity. The captain and crew of the Alfred were now put ashore, the boat returned, sail was again made upon the ship, and before evening, the majestic ruins of Tynemouth Priory faded in the distance.

A night of cloudless beauty succeeded, such as in the variable month of March sometimes precedes or follows the most tempestuous day. A light breeze filled the sails, the ship glided along with a scarcely perceptible motion, the sea slept in unruffled tranquillity; and, far as the eye could reach, the moon threw its long line of quivering radiance over the blue expanse. Mr. Darnton and the waiting maid had respectively retired to rest; and the captain, Cicely and myself closed round the cabin-stove, when Gilbert Foster, the mate, came down for something deposited in his chest. From the period of our arrival on board, this man had excited our peculiar attention; tall, and as far as the loose dress of a seaman permitted me to judge, of a finely proportioned figure, with, at intervals, a superiority of carriage and demeanour, strangely at variance with

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his situation; he appeared to me one who had at some period or other known kinder fortunes; his features, too, were of that bold yet regularly handsome cast, which nature seldom bestows upon the mere vulgar; yet their expression was not decided or unmixed, but combined at once the proud and the artful, and, upon the whole, displayed the most remarkable union of the sinister and the commanding, I ever remember to have beheld. It soon became evident to me that the captain (for whom, indeed, I had at first mistaken Foster) was an object both of contempt and aversion to the crew, while the mate commanded the good-will of almost every individual. There was a sort of studied frankness and rough urbanity in his deportment towards them, which appeared rather the disguised medium of some wished-for and calculated result, than the natural overflowings of a kind heart. What now peculiarly struck me was the facility with which he rose from the dead level of his brother seamen's vulgarity, when in the presence of Miss Darnton and myself; the immediate change of manner, and ready assumption of superior style in conversation, whenever his descent into the cabin presented an opportunity of addressing us. So much, in fact, did the conduct and appearance of this man challenge exemption from the usual indifference with which we estimate character by situation, that I could not

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repress a certain degree of uneasiness when at various times he fixed his deep dark eyes upon Cicely.

While we were every moment expecting to be told that we had reached our destined port, I heard the captain give the following directions to his subordinate, Foster :—

"Keep her well in with the land; if the breeze freshens we'll see Farm Island light before ten."

"Hardly, sir, hardly," he replied.

"I say yes, and drop anchor as Berwick-bells cry twelve. You'll like that, Miss Darnton, eh? Ah! there's no horse like a wooden horse—never stops to bait."

"If we see Berwick," rejoined Foster, with a peculiar tone of voice, the sinister expression of countenance I have before alluded to, deepening as he spoke, "if we see Berwick by to-night, or to-morrow's noon, or the night of the day after, I'll go ashore on the sheet-anchor."

"You're superstitious, Gillie, but how's the wind now?"

"Coming round to the S. W., sir."

"Bear a hand then, in all studding sails, and brace all sharp up, fore and aft, we'll soon try for't; and hark ye, let me know when you make the Coquet."

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"Aye, aye, sir;" and the respondent, wrapping the object of his search under his watch-coat, reascended the companion ladder.

"Gillie's as good a sailor," resumed the captain, "as ever put foot on shroud, but a deep fellow I promise you; he looks as black to night as a nor' easter—all's not right." A suspicion which was alarmingly confirmed by a cry of mingled rage and terror above, followed by shouts for help, and a heavy splash in the sea, under the the ship's lee quarter.

"Avast there, shipmates!" cried the master with surprise, and, followed by myself, immediately rushed upon deck. They were the last words the unfortunate man ever uttered, for a pistol-shot stretched him at my feet, ere I had well quitted the companion! "Fling him to the sharks!" vociferated the ruffian Foster, who, at the head of five or six of the crew, advanced furiously towards us—his teeth set, his eyes flashing with desperation, and the instrument of death yet smoking in his grasp. "Villain!" I exclaimed, "you have murdered him!" "Another word," he answered, "and your own fate is as certain!"

They seized on their fallen victim, and hurried him towards the quarter; the groaning wretch writhed in mortal agonies, and fixing on his murderers a look of such unutterable horror, that even

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yet it haunts me in my dreams! Precipitated by the merciless wretches over the quarter-rail, his dying pangs were transient. I saw him plunge into the deep, and the disturbed wave foam and sparkle over him as he sunk. Then, too, the cause of the first tumult became apparent: a seaman was clinging to the rudder, and might have battled longer with death, but one of the conspirators striking him with a boat-hook, he relinquished his grasp, and perished with his unfortunate employer.

Horror-struck at the atrocious scene passing before me, confused with a thousand apprehensions for my own and my fellow-passengers' lives, and resolved to be no longer a witness of the dreadful deed it was not permitted me to resist, I descended to the cabin, just as another victim was dragged up the half-deck hatchway, to exchange the short and troubled slumbers from which they had aroused him, for an eternal sleep in the depths of the ocean.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Miss Darnton, as I entered, "what can this tumult mean?" I endeavoured to compose and re-assure her, but a conviction that the work of horror was not yet finished, pressed upon me, and finding a cutlass in the state-room, I prepared to defend her to the last extremity. An indication of approaching violence told all our danger ere a word of explanation escaped me.

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"They will murder my father!" she exclaimed, in a tone of mingled anguish and terror, and threw her arms round the old man, who now raised himself in bed, and, as if incapable of further hope or fear, or driven to insanity by intense reflection on his losses, fixed upon her a look of ghastly calmness, frightfully contrasted with the distracted workings of her own mind. The servant, who lay opposite, drew close the sliding pannels of her bed, and lay in the silence of mere exhaustion and helplessness, worn out with sickness and agitation.

I reflected that the most desperate effort of a single arm could avail little against determined numbers; that if my death was determined upon, the utmost in my power would be retribution on the foremost assailant, and even *that* the opposition of fire-arms might render impossible. Tormented with these thoughts, I looked at the unhappy girl, whose life might in a few minutes lie at the mercy of ruffians, and perhaps my feeling towards her may be estimated by the assertion that, even in that terrible moment, to part with her appeared the bitterest drop in my cup of death, and to die with her esteem its only lenitive. "Is there no help, no hope?" she faltered, turning towards me. "For you," I replied, "for you, Miss Darnton, much, and I trust for your aged father, but I have witnessed that above which decides my own

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fate: let me but hope you will sometimes remember one who protected you till death, and———"

Shouts of agony and a third plunge in the waves chilled me into silence. Another unfortunate was perishing, and I listened with shuddering horror to his expiring cries, choked by the gushing element, and which his murderers, as the consummation of their plot, hailed with three savage cheers! The next minute presented Foster and four of his partisans at the cabin entrance, all armed and flushed with the success of their design.

"Throw down your weapon, sir!" exclaimed the chief homicide, "and if ever you would tread on the green turf again, keep a quiet tongue in your head while I am captain of this ship,—throw down your weapon, I say!"

"Aye!" cried another, "hand here that carving knife, or——." He swore a dreadful oath, and as I did not evince an immediate disposition to obey, attempted to enforce the command by levelling a pistol in my face. I struck the barrel up as he gave fire, and the ball shattered a looking-glass suspended at the after part of the cabin. A shriek from Cicely followed the explosion, while, roused by such a sanguinary attempt upon my life, I aimed a stroke at the assassin, which, had not a beam in the roof intercepted, would have despatched the spirit of one murderer to its audit.

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"Avast there, Halliard!" cried Foster; "who told you to top the officer over the youngster? Spring your luff and set the grog afloat, I'll manage this affair handsomely. Come, sir," he added, turning to me, "clear the scud from your brow, and make the best of a bad bargain."

"This, sir," I replied, "is neither a time nor a place to question your motives for what is already done, but I will at least reserve the means of defence till I see more clearly what you have yet to do."

"I'll tell you, young man, what *you* have to do, and that speedily, unless you'd like to be sewed in your hammock before morning; swear by the God that made you, never to breathe a syllable touching the hot work you saw above!"

"Whatever crimes," I answered, "you and your's may perpetrate in defiance of that awful Being, whose eyes are at this moment upon us, I will be guilty of no profanation."

"Don't preach!" exclaimed one of the gang, "swear! There's a Bible in old Lubberscull's locker, lug it out, Jack!"

"Oh!" replied the wretch, with an oath, "he's gone to Davy Jones, with the key in his pocket," ——At which horrid jest all but Foster laughed.

"Come, sir," resumed the latter, "think better of it, swear heartily, and the worst that'll happen

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to you will be a trip to the continent; as for your goods in the hold yonder, we'll find a market for them, and never trouble you to make an entry in the cash-book; at the same time you sha'nt want a handful to carry you back to old England, and that's fair play and cutter's law, all the world over. Think well of it, sir, I advise you. But where's the lady? Where's Miss Darnton? Come my fair passenger, fear nothing from me, you shall be queen of the cabin, and I'll warrant your birth a pleasant one,—what! your'e a stout sailor, and the worst of the matter will be a peep at the mynheers, perhaps, or a jaunt up the Baltic."

He approached the terrified girl, who, on the discharge of the pistol, had thrown herself as far within the recess or crib, appropriated to her father's bed, as its narrow dimensions permitted.—She returned no answer, and he attempted to raise her, a freedom which sent the blood boiling to my brow. "Surely," I exclaimed, withdrawing his arm, "you will not add to the atrocity of what is past, by making the first exercise of your power an insult to a helpless female!"

He turned upon me, and said with a dark look, "*You*, my friend, will do well to exercise your prudence, in saying little of what is past, and meddling less with what has to come. Take a turn upon deck and cool your young blood, or I pro-

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mise you things may have a worse look before all's over. Step above, my master, and let me hear no more of your touching *what's past*."

"There is a little necessity for that injunction," I replied; "the subject is too horrible to bear even reflection; but with respect to this lady, I will be free to tell you your attentions are not demanded; I have been the instrument of her preservation from one extremity, and in her present fortunes will not forego the title it has given me to continue her protector."

"Protector!" he repeated with a sneer; "you forget that two words of mine may give you a swing at the yard arm; you forget there are no Bow-street runners on the blue waves, and when we are next in soundings it may be in the Elba or Texel, or a thousand miles from the piers of Berwick."

"At least," I rejoined, kindling at the ruffian's insolence, "I have not forgot, nor shall your threats *teach* me to forget, the duty which as a man I owe this lady, thrown, as unfortunately she is, where *you* have authority; the plunder of my property I cannot resist, but it has made me desperate, and you shall find that I have not only courage to struggle hard for life in my own cause, but to risque it freely in the cause of others. For the desperate course you are now running, pursue it,

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and be the consequences upon your own head; but as a matter of prudence as well as principle, let neither my fellow-passengers nor myself be made the unwilling witnesses of what you have yet to achieve; let me, in short, request that you will land us somewhere on the coast we now appear to be quitting, no matter how barren or unfrequented the spot, or how unseasonable the hour." While I uttered this, he threw himself into a chair and regarded me with a look of mingled surprise and resentment, his countenance changing at every sentence.

"Look you, my fine fellow," he replied at last, "I don't want to have more blood at my finger's end than occasion requires, but a tongue like your's would make a shark of a star-fish, so the sooner you luff up and shift your helm the better: as for putting you ashore here or any where on British ground, I'm not such a venturesome fool; think yourself well off to make a landing on any coast in Europe, and as a necessary step, bring your mind this very night to swear as I proposed to you. You call yourself a desperate man because the half dozen bales and boxes down yonder must swell the sum total of your yearly loss in trade, but were it necessary, I should recount to you the wrongs and miseries which have goaded *me* to desperation; the catalogue would put you to shame for ranting

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about trifles; as it is, a bold heart and a ready hand ask a quiet tongue: if you can make the best of the worst, and suit your looks and words to the time, heave a-head, and drop anchor in grog-bay with the rest of us!"

Thus saying, he turned from me to his associates, one of whom (apparently the second in command and rank, according to the new posture of affairs) had prepared a large bowl of spirits. They shook hands as if in ratification of their horrid compact, and commenced their festivity rather with the congratulatory air of successful adventurers than men fresh from the perpetration of the blackest crime our evil natures suggest, denounced and proscribed alike by the laws of God and their fellow-creatures. There was one, and one only exception from this monstrous recklessness; a man of the middle age, low in stature, but athletic and strongly built, with features of a stern and yet irresolute cast, indicating by their convulsive workings that remorse, or a feeling of horror allied to it, was rankling in the bosom of their possessor. His fellows saw it, and endeavored to rally him into their own desperate gayety, but in vain: while Foster, as if apprehensive of the gloomy influence extending to others, seized a full glass and exclaimed, "Now, my tars, I'll give you a toast worth a Spanish galleon homeward bound! Here's freedom

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and a home on the blue sea forever! War with all the world, and success to the black flag! huzza!" "Huzza!" shouted the whole gang in answer, and the ominous toast was pledged with a frantic enthusiasm.

"A new life is before us," continued the chief of these lawless resolutes, "and blow high or blow low, we'll through it like hearts of oak! No laws but our own, and every man king of himself! A thousand leagues of sea-room, and no taxes! Freedom and grog while two planks are afloat! A jolly life, and no psalm-singing! A quick death, and a grave in the shark's guts! A tight ship, and all the world to play at long bowls with Mynheer, Mounseer, Johnny Bull, or Jack Spaniard!"

The desperadoes again replied to the eloquence of their captain, by a loud shout, and the terrors of Cicely, to whom I hastened on the moment, appeared redoubled. Even Darnton himself startled from his lethargy by the tumult, questioned me with an anxious and timid earnestness upon the event and its supposed result. To calm their apprehensions was impossible; but assuming an air of confidence, I spoke of our release as a measure determined upon by the Freebooters, and which I doubted not would speedily be adopted.

The carousal of these lawless desperadoes, into whose power I was thus suddenly thrown, and on

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whose mercy or discretion not only my liberty, but very existence depended, concluded at an earlier hour than might have been expected. The watch was set; several retired to their hammocks in the half-deck; Foster and his next subordinate in power alone remaining in the cabin. A stranger to deeds of horror and violence, I could but regard with astonishment the apathy of these men, who severally betook themselves to rest with all the apparent confidence of sound slumber, while to myself, the yet curdling blood and creeping flesh indicated a long absence of the soother, sleep. The weight on my spirits imparted no heaviness to my eyelids; and seating myself on the lockers near Miss Darnton, I rivetted my gaze on the author of the night's terrible events, in return meeting from time to time the glance of mixed sternness and suspicion, which shot upon me from his quick, dark, and repulsive eye, in which the latent spirit of ferocity was yet flashingly alive. For a few minutes he ascended the deck to issue orders to those upon the watch, and on passing me, on his return, said in a tone of calm but determined significance: "We understand each other, sir! There's your bed as before, but another hot word, and your birth's in the forecastle for the rest of the voyage." Ill inclined to provoke a fulfilment of this threat, I remained silent as he drew to and locked the

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door of the closet, pompously called the state-room, and betook himself to rest in the bed of his murdered captain.

Assured that no immediate violence was intended us, I now again endeavoured, and not wholly without success, to calm the fears of my terrified companions, of whom the waiting-maid was naturally the most violent in her apprehensions, and as I withdrew the pannel of her bed, presented a ghastly picture of terror and exhaustion. I threw myself at length on my bed, and the remainder of this night of misery passed in anxious rumination on its events, and impatient wishes for the approach of morning; not a sound reaching my ear, except at intervals a deep sigh from Cicely, or the tread of the watch above, 'til shortly after midnight, when a breeze sprang up, which kept gradually freshening, and the slowly increasing motion of the ship indicated a less tranquil sea.

As the first glimmerings of dawn came through the cabin skylight, Foster ascended the companion-ladder, and the next moment after, I was startled by several thundering strokes above, and a loud cry of "all hands on deck ahoy!"—a summons which, though not applying to me, my anxious curiosity to learn our ultimate destination prompted me to regard with voluntary compliance. Morning was breaking slowly and sullenly over the

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eastern wave, the wind freshening in occasional gusts, and the ship labouring directly against it with proportionably trifling effect. Land was dimly discernible to leeward, and I surveyed with regret the receding cliffs of my native shore, which I was thus unwillingly compelled to desert, and knew not what evils awaited me ere I might regain it. On the part of the crew, however, all was alacrity and animation. As it grew lighter, several were engaged in fresh painting the ship's sides, and displacing a figure of Caledonia projecting from her prow; doubtless as precautionary steps against her recognition by any British vessel. Others were assiduously occupied in raising from the hold some small carronades and swivel-pieces, the former from six to eight pounders, and which were ranged in equal numbers by the port-holes on either side. "There's a pretty row of teeth!" said Foster, "and now, my tars, bear a hand, and lug up those chests from below. Hearty, my soul, jump aloft there, and keep a sharp look-out from the fore-top-sail yard." The chests alluded to had been secreted in the hold, and were filled with weapons and ammunition; a circumstance which evinced that the conspiracy had been a previously planned and organized measure.

As the day advanced it grew thick and squally, the wind shifted capriciously from point to point,

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and blew in fitful and heavy gusts, pressing the ship's leeward broadside in the water; the waves curled and blackened, and dark clouds passed rapidly over the sky.

"Fore-top-sail yard there!" vociferated Foster.

"Sir!"

"It's coming on terribly thick; keep a sharp look out!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the fellow, and before ten minutes had elapsed, justified the readiness of his answer by the cry, "a sail a-head!"

All hurried forward. A strange ship was soon discernible, and at no very remote distance, the haziness of the weather having prevented her from being earlier discovered. Foster seized the telescope, and clambered aloft, descending again almost on the instant, exclaiming, "Clean heels, my lads, and away! she's a French frigate with a bouncing tier of grinders. By heavens! we'll be up with her, hand over hand, in a brace of shakes! 'Bout ship ahoy!" An order which was instantly obeyed, the ship weared, and again our course was fortuitously changed: in the mean time the frigate was evidently crowding all her canvas to come within shot, and although the Caledonia, having at one period been in the transport service, had the reputation of a fast sailor, it was easy to perceive that the enemy's advantage in this respect would render the chase of no long duration.

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"Here she comes, Halliard!" cried Foster with a dark and dejected look.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the answer; "if you don't clap your main-yard to the mast the scoundrel will let drive at us, round and grape!"

And, in fact, the Frenchman commenced firing from his quarter deck guns, when suddenly the fog, which had prevailed more or less throughout the day, became of tenfold density; we lost sight of our pursuer, and steering instantly upon another tack, had again hopes of being enabled to baffle her; hopes which, notwithstanding my unhappy situation, I could not help indulging in common with the guilty beings around me, well aware that escape from the freebooters was a less impracticable matter than from the walls of a foreign prison. We had escaped immediate danger, but the portentous haziness of the sky, the increasing violence of the wind, which now blew with alarming fury, and the heavy rolling of the waves, gave cause to apprehend peril in a yet more vindictive shape. The canvas, which had been crowded upon her in the chase, and now pressed her almost upon her beam ends, was with difficulty reduced, and before the mainsail could be reefed, a sudden blast tore it to streaming fragments. The confusion which prevailed upon deck, rendered it no longer a place for one unoccupied, and I descend-

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ed to the cabin, where it was intimated to me I should do well to remain during the storm, and where the companions of my ill-fortune sat listening with increasing dejection and anxiety to the raging tumult of the elements around. My entrance, together with a returning sense of danger, broke upon the melancholy conference in which Darnton and his daughter had been previously engaged; but at intervals the old man's incoherent exclamations, uttered in a low, querulous, and despairing tone, left me in little doubt of the topic.

"No, Cicely, we had better die at once. If I am to lose this remnant too, let me lose life with it! What will the world be to me? Had I saved but the half, only the half! Had you but refused to venture upon the sea! Why did I not die before I determined upon it? What is to become of us? Where is my property? Aye, aye, blow on; tempest can hurt me no further!" "We are not bereft of all," replied Cicely. "Even if these men plunder us to the utmost, the moiety vested in my uncle's hands will secure us from utter destruction: you shall never hear of a murmur from me; and, at least," she added, "let us not exclaim against the judgment of God in the moment when only his mercy can rescue us from destruction." "Judgment!" answered the old man, "what crime have I committed, or what have I to hope from mercy?

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Will God raise up the treasure I have lost in these devouring waves ?"———

"Oh hush! hush!" exclaimed his daughter, shuddering at the impiety of the question, and turning on me a distracted look. I joined the unhappy girl in an attempt to awaken his reliance on the just and merciful decrees of Providence, and adverted to our recent escape from capture; but the roaring of wind and wave,—the tumultuous hubbub of sound above, shouting, swearing, stamping,—the incessant crashing and thundering, from side to side, of various articles at every lurch of the ship, which now rocked and laboured furiously, soon induced a dead and fearful pause in the conversation. Grasping each a beam, or the pannel of a bed, we remained silent and dejected, now mutually watching the sickly expression of fear deepening on every countenance, and now looking upwards to the sky light, where the gloom of approaching night was fast mingling with that of the unabated fog.

"What a night of wretchedness will this be!" ejaculated Cicely. A shout or yell from above followed, while a heavy sea broke in thunder upon the deck, and mocking the feeble opposition of the casement, deluged the cabin. A seaman half leaped, half stumbled down the companion, and dragged a large tarpaulin from the lockers. "Are we

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in danger?" shrieked both the females, to which he answered with a surly composure, "danger! aye danger enough, God knows; here's a bubbling sea! and wind enough to skelp a seventy-four out of the water." With an injunction to remain below, and if possible to revive the fire, he again ascended, and the next minute all was total darkness, the tarpaulin being stretched over the casement, and the companion roof drawn to.

It was now that the wretchedness of our situation drew to its climax; we heard the sea washing furiously over the deck, and the incessant clanking of the pumps told with what fatal success the rebellious surges assailed our devoted vessel. Several hours, each appearing an age in its lapse, rolled over us in this agony of suspense, and I felt the deep conviction of how much danger is darkened in its aspect by the inability to contend, even though despairingly, with the evils that surround us; the very cries and frantic shoutings of the crew had something of excitation from which a fortitude resembling madness might arise; but to perish as it were with fettered hands, with a phrenzied yet unavailing longing for exertion, with leisure, in the dead nervelessness of inoccupation; for the torturing play of every mental faculty, to meet the stroke of fate in unresisting torpor, appeared to me multiplying pang upon pang, and dy-

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ing death upon death. The perils, which could I have borne a part in opposing, I might have contemned, wrought me now into very cowardice, and a thousand harrowing apprehensions flitted across my mind.

The pumps were unremittingly plied; the ship driving we knew not whither, through fog and tempest, and should she eventually perish, was it not, I reflected, probable that the crew would secure the boats, and leave us imprisoned in the cabin to share the fate of the sinking wreck? As this idea struck me, some one rapidly descended, and a voice which I knew to be Foster's, vociferated impatiently for light: the fire, however, was utterly extinguished; he execrated the evil chance, and proceeded to search for flint and steel. "Where are we?" I asked. "Tell me that," he replied, "and I'll give half the ship's worth; such an infernal night! If the wind lasts, we'll all be in Davie's Locker in another hour." This exclamation drew groans from Darnton, and sobs of agony from the servant.

"Have you reduced the leak?" I continued.

"Not a tumbler full; and she licks it at every seam!"

At this moment, a tremendous gust threw the ship on her beam ends, and exclaiming, with an oath, "There she goes at last!" he scrambled as

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he best might to the deck. I followed with difficulty; but what a scene! the guns were instantly thrown overboard, and the mizen-mast cut away—all was horror and tumult; enormous surges bursting over her from van to rear, and as she righted again, sweeping two unhappy wretches into the eternal womb of ocean! I heard their cries, but for a moment drowned in the thunder of the next billow: the hull drove on at the mercy of the tempest, sea after sea striking her tortured frame, and both pumps deserted by the exhausted crew, who clung to the rigging in momentary expectation of a wave striking her stern and sealing their doom at once. Foster rushing to and fro on the deck like the incarnate demon of the night, raved for the boats to be got out, and several, as an expiring effort for life, attempted to obey him, when a frantic cry of "breakers ahead!" sounded the knell of their distiny, and seemed to render all human exertion fruitless! I grasped a cord in despair, and as the groaning wreck bounded towards the rocky beach, on which the surf was breaking in thunder,—committed my soul to God. The main-mast was now cut away, and the sheet anchor dropt from her bows, but the cable parted instantaneously! the best bower followed, and refusing to take ground, dragged unavailingly at the bottom, till the very jaws of destruction were closing upon us,

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when it fastened at length, and a third being thrown out on the instant, the shattered hulk stopped on its career of death, but with such a sea raging beneath and around her, her prow now scaling the clouds, and now plunging in the terrific abyss beneath, that to hope she would ride in safety a quarter of an hour, would have been madness. She was, besides, fast filling with water, and nothing remained but to get the boats out, or to form a raft of the broken booms and spars; of which almost hopeless expedients, the former was first attempted, and my thoughts reverting to my helpless partners in calamity, I rushed once more to the cabin, snatched Miss Darnton from her bed, and calling wildly upon her father and the girl to follow; bore her half dead with terror to the quarter, just as the assembled crew were watching the heave of the sea to throw a boat over the side; the bursting roar of a wave, and a cry of mingled terror and disappointment told the issue; the boat was staved, and another victim torn into eternity by the avenging element! Hope was gone, but despair prompted fresh efforts, and while they prepared to launch a second boat, and Cicely clung to the torn cordage at the quarter, I again ventured an effort to rescue her unhappy friends below; the girl, nerveless with agony, lay in the splashing brine that deluged the cabin floor, and answered my in-

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treaties to make one minute's struggle for existence, only by dropping into my arms as she arose. With difficulty I dragged the helpless creature up the companion, reiterating call upon call to Darnton, whose cries of "One moment more, and I shall save it!—one moment more!" evinced that, even at this dreadful juncture, life was not his only care. The ship was now settling by the head, the panting seamen awaiting only the recoil of the next billow for a final effort, and again, yielding to the distraction of Cicely, I called vehemently on her father, but in vain! the boat was launched—the crew poured in, and their diminished numbers inducing no apprehensions of being over crowded, I succeeded in placing Cicely safely at the stern. The poor girl, her maid, was my next care, but alas! in the impatience of terror she sprung heedlessly from my grasp; ere an arm could be extended to save, a giant surge rolled over her powerless frame, and choaked her expiring shriek! The ship gave at that moment a heavy and warning lurch. I leapt from her side just as the vociferated order of "Put off! put off!" was obeyed by the crew, and before we had gained five strokes of an oar distant, the broken wreck of the Caledonia went headlong down, ingulphing the wretched Darnton in its foaming vortex.

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Why should I yet dwell with painful prolixity on the horrors of the night? The boat drove shoreward, now hanging on the curl of the billow, and now shooting down its tremendous slope as if to plunge for ever in the depths it boiled and thundered over. None knew distinctly the coast we were approaching, and on drawing near, a reef on which the surf broke furiously intervened, and warned us to seek a safer landing-place. With toil and difficulty they weathered a high cape that projected far into the tide; and on passing it, again stood fairly in for the beach, when the report of a gun was heard, and by the growing clearness of the sky, a vessel became discernible rocking at anchor, sheltered from the violence of the storm by a range of hills sweeping round the indented line of a small bay, which the promontory we had just weathered doubly protected.

A light presently gleamed through the spray, as if a beacon-fire among the rocks. They toiled with redoubled ardour towards it, and two who were able swimmers venturing with the life-line through the waves, which here rolled with abated fury to the strand, the boat was at length dragged in safety through the reluctant surge. To describe with what feelings I once more pressed the bosom of the earth, and gazed upon the drooping girl I had twice been the instrument of snatching from de-

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struction, is impossible. Following the surviving few who had escaped with us, I supported her with trembling limbs to the cavern, near whose mouth the boat was moored, and in which we were welcomed by several strangers (apparently seamen) to the fire that blazed cheerfully in its centre. With a rough, but welcome courtesy they spread a couch for Cicely, composed of a sail and their heavy gregos or watchcoats, and in the exhaustion and torpor of long suffering she lay wordless and motionless by my side.

Here I would willingly draw a veil over the fate of this charming, but unfortunate girl. But you have been a witness of the ravages which the terrible events I have attempted to detail, had on her fragile and sensitive mind. When she opened her eyes, and fixed them on me and the objects around her, it was with a vacancy of stare which at once told the sad tale, that her reason had fled for ever!

The stranger's narrative here terminates. In consequence of his promise to meet me in London, to arrange measures for the future protection of Cicely, I waited for him there a whole winter, but we never encountered more; and although I have since made diligent inquiry after the poor maniac, particularly in the neighbourhood of Dunstanborough Castle, where I first saw her emerg-

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ing from its ruins, all my efforts have proved fruitless. The residence in Howick, in which the stranger and I placed her, had become the occupation of another tenant, from a distant part of the country, who knew nothing of Cicely or of the circumstances connected with her melancholy and eventual story.

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TRANSMIGRATION.

I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this one night
Hath unfled former knowing.

Shakspeare.

Within a human form this soul of mine was first inclosed; this soul, which I feel to be immortal, imperishable, and carrying within itself a sense of eternal consciousness, and a memory which can never be beguiled into oblivion. I was born to power; the happiness of thousands of fellow-beings was entrusted to my care, and in my hands was placed their destiny. The sleep of intellect, which characterizes infancy, leaves me nothing to record during that period. The first dawnings of reason, like the faint glimmerings of day, is too indistinct to be remembered; but when I awoke to the full possession of my powers, I was conscious that mine was no common soul; and that if I was born

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to command, my abilities were equal to the station in which Providence had placed me.

I was naturally proud and ambitious. In youth, I was overbearing, tyrannical and cruel. I delighted in the infliction of pain, in the writhings of agony, and the shrieks of despair. I loved to see the quivering of the flesh beneath the torture, and hear the groans of corporeal suffering. I was present at all public executions, and when at length the rod of power was placed in my own grasp, I multiplied occasions of gratifying my darling passion for cruelty. My very dreams were of blood, and murder, and horror. My busy fancy presented me with a host of victims, whose miseries I presided over, and whom I immolated with my own hand, till I was tired of killing. But I refined on my demoniac passion. The mere sacrifice of slaves and plebians left a something wanting to fill up the measure of my enjoyment: it wanted a relish—a poignancy, and I resolved to slake my thirst for blood by the murder of my friend——I stabbed him while pledging my health in the wine-cup. I drank pleasure in the contemplation of his dying pangs; and having thus found a new source of gratification, I sought the chamber of her who had given me her virgin heart, the wife of my bosom; I met her advancing towards me with a smile of affection, and as she clasped her snowy

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arms around me, I thrust the dagger crimsoned with the blood of my friend, into her sweet bosom. She staggered—she fell—she died. I felt transfixed to the spot; my limbs were stiffened, and an icy coldness crept through my veins. The hand of death was upon me; a vision of horror passed before my eyes;—a sea of blood rolled its red billows, as if to snatch me into its gulf;—the pulses of life beat fainter; animation ceased; my lifeless body encumbered the earth, and my spirit was snatched to another state of existence. But not as a human being did I again open my eyes upon this gay and smiling world. I felt myself encompassed within the form of the most abject beast of burthen, but consciousness of what I had been never quitted me. The soul of a man was prisoned in the body of a beast, accompanied by the conviction that I was suffering for the guilt of my former state of existence. But it was the peculiar misery of my fate, that I could neither impart my feelings nor excite sympathy; and that while all my thoughts, my desires, and my wishes were human, I was compelled to submit to the nature of a brute. Yet this did not complete my calamities. Mine was a cruel owner; and then I felt how wretched was his lot who was doomed to be the victim of a tyrant.

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I endured as much misery as I had inflicted on others, without the sweet reflection that had accompanied their sufferings, that they were undeserved. In vain I looked for death, in the hope of being relieved by even a change of misery. I felt a consciousness, that my life would endure for a long period; and I was withheld from self-destruction by a secret power that I could not resist. Wretched existence! Stripes, and blows and severe labour, hard and scanty fare, and perpetual suffering, to which were superadded the faculties of a thinking being, to impart a still keener poignancy to my misery, were my daily portion. Often, when ascending the craggy steep of some lofty mountain; often, when pacing the narrow edge of some fearful precipice, have I longed to dash me down the rocks into the frightful gulf beneath, that so I might revenge me on my tyrant, by ending his life and my own together; but I could not. My inclination was strong; but some secret principle controlled the will, and bound me to my fate. Years rolled on in multiplied misery. I began to think my sorrows were interminable, or that I was doomed to exist till the end of the world.

I frequently exchanged masters, but this rather increased than alleviated my woes, and I only gained at each transfer a more cruel owner. Old age crept on apace, and I began at length to hope

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that death would soon release me. I felt all the infirmities of an advanced life, but the vigour of my mind was unchanged,—and my sufferings greater. Being past labour, it was a matter of debate with the wretch who owned me, whether I should be suffered to toil on, till nature accomplished my dissolution, or finish my career by a violent death. He decided on the latter. I was led into a field, and tied to a stake. The preparations filled me with hope. At length, I mentally exclaimed, my miseries will be ended; but I knew not the agonies to which retributive justice had doomed me. The being I had served was ferocious and cruel, and he had a son, whose soul was as unfeeling as his own. To gratify this human fiend, he was permitted to inflict every species of torture his malignant ingenuity could invent. He first deprived me of my ears and tail; and laughed at the groans which his cruelty extorted from me. My hoofs were next chopped off, and I stood on bleeding stumps; for my tormentors had so fastened me that I could not lie down. In this state I remained in anguish indescribable, for four long hours; and then my oppressors kindly ended my existence by shooting me through the head.

Once more my soul inhabited a human form, but so hideous, that I was terrified by the reflection of my own image. All the deformities of nature seem-

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ed combined in my frightful person. I was the abhorrence and the scorn of mankind. I passed through the world as if I belonged not to the children of men. I could attach no one being, nor awaken a spark of sympathy. I loved only to be hated; esteemed only to be despised. The inhabitants of the earth passed before me as shadows, with whom I held nothing in common;—no interest, no communion. My heart was a prey to the bitterest anguish. I was a living coal, continually feasting on my vitals, agonized by the perpetual consciousness of my past guilt and my present wretchedness. An accident brought me in contact with one human being, who had been in circumstances similar to my own, and who endeavoured to console me by narrating the particulars of his own case.

"Only a fortnight back, (said he) I was a mail-coach horse, working in one of the new fast-travelling mails, and was killed on the road by excessive fatigue. I have now, without knowing any thing of the *why* or the *how*, found myself all at once inhabiting the body of a respectable gentleman; and it is quite extraordinary how familiar I am with all his thoughts and actions for the last thirty years, though I never saw or heard of him till about ten days back. The other day, I was toiling and groaning under the lash of a drunken coachman; and now I find myself in possession of a good sort of a wife, (considering that we have

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been married sixteen years,) and three beautiful and well-behaved girls, who call me father. It is very astonishing! you cannot imagine how strange it appears to me that I should turn up my nose at a piece of meat not dressed to a shaving, when but a few days ago I was munching musty oats, and deeming it a luxury. I shake hands most cordially with friends of twenty years standing, whom I never saw before; and know intimately their own histories, and those of their friends and families, though I never heard a syllable about them. This is very delightful; and I believe I might make myself quite happy, were it not for the fear, nay, almost certainty, that I shall some time again inhabit the body of some one of those unfortunate animals, on whom the wanton cruelty, or the unfeeling selfishness of man, inflicts such inconceivable torments. In the course of four thousand years of my life, for which space my memory serves me pretty accurately, I have passed through many and very different modes of existence. I have been worshipped as a god, and baited as a bull and a badger. In the time of Charlemagne, I was a beautiful virgin, followed and adored by contending Peers and Paladins; and only two hundred years ago, I was burned in England as a witch. When Alexander the Great *refused* the love of the Queen of the Amazons, he was vainly *suing* for mine, though only a few years

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previous, when besieging Tyre, he had doomed me, and some hundreds more, to die on the cross, because we had presumed to foil for a time the omnipotence of his arms. People talk of the knowledge of the world, and of human nature, that Shakspeare and other great writers have exhibited; but no man can know much about it who has not lived four thousand years; been alternately prime minister and pickpocket; conqueror and slave; courtier and cut-throat; puritan and pimp; cabinet-counsellor and conjuror; lawyer and client; patient and 'pothecary.

"A few months past I was a small farmer in Hampshire, and had been so for four years. I rose to my work with the sun, and retired to rest long after him. I was honest and frugal, and understood my business; but the tax-gatherer was inexorable, and his demands could not be answered. My stock and furniture were sold; my wife died broken-hearted, and my only child perished from bad and scanty food. Soon after I found myself a fresh and healthy young horse, in the hands of a dealer, and almost thought the change a happiness; but now comes the bitter tale of wo. Men change themselves sometimes into strange and disgusting animals, and think themselves happy and respectable; but never to the deadliest foe I have had,—not even to the smirking petty-fogger who

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exacted as a fee the last shilling that should have saved my child from famishing,—would I wish the misery of being, as I was, tortured to death in the traces of that curse upon horse-flesh, a fast travelling mail. I have much to *say*, and I am sure that from so intelligent and all-knowing a being you would like to *hear* much; but I have been of late so distressed for breath, that I have the greatest horror of wasting it: I will, therefore, only just beg you to imagine, as well as you can, the panting, the toil, the sweat, the agony, the terrors, the pain;—the labouring of the heart and lungs;—the reeling of the head;—the sinking of the knees;—the bursting of the eyes;—the lolling tongue;—the parched throat;—the brutal and maliciously-aimed scourgings, and all the dreadful miseries to which the poor animal is doomed, who, *for the despatch of business*, must run ten miles an hour! You may imagine it as much as you will, but you *must* come infinitely short of the sad reality: I know it, but cannot tell it.

"I felt a little consolation one night, at the outset of the stage, on hearing the coachman remark to a man who sat on the box with him, that there was a bill then in the house [ah! sir, I was in the house when I was not a *horse*] for preventing cruelty to animals. I was consoled, for I hoped for some relief; but, good heavens! "what a piece

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of work is man :"—"There is, is there ?" said the dram-drinking brute who drove us, giving me at the same moment a furious cut over the eyes, though I assure you, sir, I was then drawing more than my share, while the off-wheeler was running in slack traces. "There is, is there ?" said he, uttering a terrible curse—[and here, sir, I could not help joining in his curse, which for a *horse*, you know, was wrong]—"and there's another bill in the house, too, I hear 'em say, for making the mail run twelve miles an hour." I heard, and my heart sunk within me. I do not know if the bill passed, but we soon found that we must run ten miles in the hour. The first dreadful evening came on: in the 15th mile I laboured in agony: a hill was then before us, but we must not slacken; —the whip resounded;—the curse roared over our heads;—we strained—we panted—we reeled —we trembled—we groaned!—Already at the brow of the hill we had arrived, when my heart burst, and I was released from torment and life in a moment!"

Although I had often heard it said, that it is some comfort to know that others have suffered as well as ourselves, and had now learned that the transmigrations of my mail-coach-horse friend had terminated in his becoming a gentleman; yet,

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My conscience had a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brought in a several tale,
And every tale condemn'd me for a villain.
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng'd to the bar, crying all—guilty! guilty!

At beholding me, the smiles of beauty were converted into frowns; blessings were changed to curses, and Nature herself seemed to disclaim me for her own. To me the fair face of the creation was as a blank desert. I was every where pursued by the hatred of man and the abhorrence of myself, and found no resting-place. Even sleep, the sole comfort of the wretched, only brought fresh horrors. My dreams were more terrible than my waking moments;—and neither suspended my soul from consciousness, nor exempted me from being susceptible of pain.—Driven from the pale of society, I flew to the woods in despair. I meditated my own destruction; and no longer restrained from it by the influence that withheld me in my brute form, I exulted, as the reflection crossed my brain, that I possessed the power of at least exchanging, if not ending my miserable being. I defied the malice of my destiny to aggravate its inflictions, and armed with these desperate thoughts, I drew a knife, I had secreted, from my girdle, and with one stroke nearly severed my head from my body. I had no sooner done this, than I felt my soul slipping from its earthly covering, and sinking

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into the realms of space. But it retained all the faculties it possessed when confined within its clay tenement, and all the functions of the body. I could see and feel and hear; and though I seemed as if I were but a vapour, I was yet so sensitive that each part, though ethereal, was keenly alive to every painful feeling. I had neither buoyancy, nor gravity; I had no power of guiding my motions, in the new scene of being into which my precipitation had plunged me; nor did I for a moment lose the dreadful consciousness of guilt. But I had scarcely been emancipated from the body, ere my sense of hearing was saluted by shrieks and cries so appalling, that willingly would I have shrunk back into my former state of existence. I could clearly distinguish the voices of those I had murdered; and louder and more horrible were the screams of my friend and my wife, who poured forth upbraidings, and threatened terrors so dreadful, that my immaterial form quivered with horror. Then the thick darkness in which I was shrouded momentarily unclosed, and their faces glared upon me with an expression so frightful, that language cannot describe it. I heard a confused murmuring as of a thick multitude; they approached nearer; they closed around me; and yet I saw them not. The bands of darkness were burst asunder. A blaze of sulphureous light streamed forth, and I saw myself encompassed by the thousands I had sacrificed. In

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vain I attempted to escape. They howled in hideous concert, and mocked my frantic cries. Then a brighter flash of crimson flame burst over me;—I became suddenly corporeal, and a gigantic hand seized me by the hair. The spectres disappeared, and left me the victim of the mysterious being to whose power I was thus suddenly transferred. I was borne along, in agony inexpressible, and with a rapidity that almost deprived me of sense, through regions of the most intense heat and benumbing cold. At one time, my very brains boiled in my head; at another, I was petrified with an icy chillness. At length we came to an extensive ocean. The black waters beneath me roared in hideous horror, and the foaming billows suddenly congregated in a mass, and formed a tremendous whirlpool, hurrying round in awful rapidity, and presenting the appearance of a hollow cone inverted, the bottom of which seemed miles in depth. Over the centre of this horrible gulph, I was suspended. The form of my conductor became visible. He seemed in bulk a Titan, in hideousness a demon. He laughed aloud;—it was a laugh like thunder, so vociferous and appalling that I felt myself quivering in his grasp. His hand let loose its hold; I fell into the dreadful chasm; I was sucked into its fell embrace, and felt myself hurried round rapidly in the cold waters, till at

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length the billows resumed their form, they rolled over me, and I sunk. My consciousness never for a moment quitted me; and I felt that I could not die again. The monsters of the deep pursued me. Here were the sword-fish, the craken, the great sea-serpent, and the seven-armed cuttle fish; all that imagination could conceive of horror surrounded me. At length I felt myself rising to the surface of the water. Hope whispered that my sufferings were at an end. But alas! no sooner had I reached it than the same horrid hand was extended: it grasped me again by the hair, and again bore me along the realms of space. We arrived at a new scene of horrors. Another gulph unfolded itself beneath me. It was a chasm of living fire. Figures of gigantic form and hideous aspect howled upwards as if exulting in the expectation of their victim. I was suspended with my head downwards over this fearful place, while the shouts and cries of demons assailed my ear, demanding me for their prey. I became suddenly sensible of the progress of time; and in this fearful situation, expecting momentarily to be precipitated into the abyss, I counted a thousand years. The gulph closed; I was borne upwards. I saw the bright moon, in figure like a crescent, above my head. We soared towards it. We reached it. My terrific conductor placed one of her horns in my grasp, and quitted me. The

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clouds rolled away from beneath my feet. I saw the globe gradually unfolding to my view. Its seas, rivers, rocks, mountains, and valleys, lay clearly exposed to my sight. It then diminished to a speck, and thus demonstrated to my eyes the immeasurable height at which I was suspended. I was seized with horror. I grasped my hold tightly; but soon I felt my hand benumbed, and unable to support my body; it loosened: I shrieked, and toppled down headlong. I was five hundred years in reaching the bottom; and the concussion was so great that—it awoke me! I found it was but a dream, and that I was lying on my bedside carpet, more terrified than hurt; I looked around me, and at last I recollected that I had not gone to bed sober. From that time I resolved never to get tipsy with punch again; and if ever I eat pork chops for supper that they should not be underdone. For all this comes (said I to myself) from indigestion.

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THE THESSALIAN LOVERS.

(Translated from a Greek Manuscript.)

Let's wash our sympathy in generous wine,
And then, Bernardo, to thy story.

The Refectory.

THESSALY is the real Elysium of Greece. The hands of nature there disseminate with profusion the richest treasures: pleasures and soft repose there find their sweetest security. Jupiter recreates his fancy on the brow of Mount Olympus; Minerva amidst the rocks of Attica; Diana in the recesses of the forest of Elis; Mars in the extensive plains of Thrace; Venus in the smiling groves of Cythera; and Cupid in the delicious valleys of Tempe. Scarce other sounds are heard in those fortunate climes but the melody of the feathered tribes, and of the shepherd's pipe and flute. Peneus, that waters Thessaly, never saw other than happy lovers on its banks.

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It was in this country of charms that Thersander and Doris came every day, at the first blushes of Aurora, to renew their vows before the altar dedicated to Love. All Thessaly contained nothing so perfect as this young couple. It may be said that nature, in forming them, had anticipated the designs of love, and that love, in uniting them, had paid an implicit obedience to the command of nature. Doris had not exceeded her third lustrum. To the affecting and ingenuous graces of that age, she joined the seductive charms of an accomplished beauty. The lustre of the lily and rose could not vie with that of her complexion. The star of Venus shone less in the middle of the night, than the eyes of Doris at noon-day. Her looks pervaded the soul; her sweet smiles seemed to call it forth. Her whole person was animated by the graces. The most beautiful Thessalian maids avoided meeting her, and their greatest care was to keep their lovers out of her sight. It was difficult to behold her, and remain faithful to any other. But Doris would have no fidelity but in Thersander. It was him only she desired to please: he alone could fix her desires. Did Doris cast her eyes on the crystal fountain, it was to see in it if her charms were still powerful enough to captivate Thersander. Did she gather flowers on the banks of the Peneus, it was to adorn Ther-

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sander, or to make herself appear lovely in his eyes.

Thersander made her a due return of love. The sight of him occasioned a thousand infidelities; but his heart was not privy to one. Absent from Doris, he desired but her: with her, he desired nothing more. Both fled from places too frequented; but they fled from them together. The places where they could be alone were those they most delighted in. "In vain," said Thersander to Doris, "in vain do the fair Ismene and the brown Zirphe stray out of their way, and appear by chance, as it were, in ours; their charms cannot amuse my looks; and if, a while, I gaze on them, it is only to convince myself how far they fall short of thine; I would, indeed, shut my eyes against them, if they had any thing to contend with thee."

One thing only troubled the happiness of these two lovers. They could not be united in hymen's bonds till a ceremony, held sacred by the usage and laws of the country, was performed. Every third year saw it renewed, and the time was drawing near. It consisted of crowning, with myrtle and flowers, the most beautiful Thessalian virgin, and the handsomest Thessalian youth; *in uniting for ever* the crowned couple; an union which had not always preceded that of hearts, neither did it always follow. Love often lamented the custom,

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his rival. He loved Doris, who had never favoured him with a look: but so much rigour neither lessened his hopes, nor the good opinion he had of himself. He thought himself secure of the prize, and did not doubt but Doris would have the same advantage over her rivals: Doris then could not escape being his. So reasoned Eurilas, for such was the name of this confident Thessalian. With the greatest impatience, he waited the coming of the day that was to shed its benign light on his triumph. But, learning how Doris was forced to renounce her's, his grief far exceeded his love. He loved Doris because she was the most beautiful Thessalian virgin. It was her beauty alone that he loved. He found another cause of affliction in Thersander's wound, which he believed to be real. It was a flower less in his crown: an assured victory which fortune robbed him of. Self-love was the sole source of the desires, and of the regrets of Eurilas. He soon, however, suspected that Doris and Thersander might have kept up an intelligence with each other, and counterfeited ailments which they did not feel. "They fear," said he, "a separation, and no other but myself can be the cause of this fear." He then bethought himself of verifying his doubts, and of preventing the intended imposition upon himself.

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There was then living in Thessaly an old man, the descendant of Esculapius, and the inheritor of his science. The sad and numerous accidents that afflicted human nature, seemed to fly before him. Confidence revived at his approach, and that confidence was not deceived. It was this physician whom Eurilas first designed to consult; thus reasoning with himself:—"If Thersander and Doris should be under the old man's care, their cure is almost certain; if, on the contrary, they have not recourse to him, they must needs dread his penetration."

He arrived at the abode of Eurimachus; for so was called the heir of the good Epidaurus; and he spoke to him concerning Doris and Thersander. It was not the first time that the ears of Eurimachus had become familiar with these two names; but neither Thersander nor Doris had ever had recourse to his art. Nature had joined in them the blessed treasures of health to the admirable gifts of personal graces. Eurimachus was moved by Eurilas's narrative. "I know," said he, "all that is said in commendation of that young couple: their misfortune gives me much pain; and I wish my art may be of service to them." This was offering Eurilas a favour, which he was ready to request. He had no difficulty in determining the old

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man to follow him. Both advanced to the habitation of Doris.

Thersander happened to be at that time with Doris. They were not sufficiently on their guard, though Doris had a bandage over her eyes, and Thersander had his arm held up in a scarf. As they entered, Doris let fall her eyes, but her looks, although immovable, were not the less piercing. The sun, veiled by no cloud from our sight, cannot deprive us of his rays: he warms us in spite of himself. "No," cried Eurilas, "such beautiful eyes cannot be useless to Doris; they have too much power over ours. They make my heart feel but too much their vivid and sweet influence." "You speak of them as a lover," said Eurimachus to him, "and this manner of seeing has its merit. I think as you do. No, beautiful Doris," pursued he, "you are not deprived of the use of your eyes. All the young men in Thessaly will attest the same, as does here the descendant and successor of Esculapius."

These words made Doris and Thersander tremble. They could not help thinking that this venerable visitant must be Eurimachus. They perceived that to dissemble longer would be to no purpose. And how could they impose on Eurimachus? Real diseases did not resist him, and how should the counterfeit deceive him? Another

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motive still excited the physician's zeal. He was one of the judges, from whose inspection Thersander thought to secrete himself. Eurimachus even believed a signal injury to be done to Apollo by this design. "Young man," said he to Thersander, "learn to make a different use of the favours which nature and the gods have vouchsafed to grant you: learn that to cloak, is to disown them and to show yourself ungrateful to the donors. Your modesty is criminal. Go," pursued he, addressing the young couple, "go and dispute, or rather receive the prize that awaits you. Why debar yourselves a certain triumph? When do we see the eagle flying from the sun, or doves from the car of Venus?"

This speech, so flattering to Thersander, might well be thought the reverse in regard to Eurilas; but his vanity buoyed him up with new confidence. He took Eurimachus to be a more skilful connoisseur in the infirmities than the graces of the body; and this notion encouraged him to exhort his rival to avail himself of the old man's counsel.

There was a necessity for the two lovers coming to some determination. Both promised to second the physician's desires, yet was it with regret and deep-fetched sighs; for all their anxieties, all their fears again began to alarm them. At the same time vanished the hopes of the other Thessalian

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youth. It is at sight of the phœnix that other birds confess their inferiority. They encompass it in profound silence, and such of them as prided themselves in the lustre of their plumage, lose all their haughtiness in contemplating beauties not their own.

Eurilas was the only one that had lost nothing of his presumption. He wished that it were in his power to hasten the day of triumph. That day came at last. Doris shed tears as she listened to Thersander's vows of love, and Thersander was almost beside himself. They were separated; being told that the hour of repairing to the temple was come. What a moment! What a trial! Still there was a necessity for obeying. Already, an immense crowd occupied the avenues of both temples, especially that of Venus. Already, the most beautiful Thessalian virgins ran thither with eagerness, inspired by the desire of victory.

The fair Ismene appeared first. Her looks had the sweets of Aurora's rays; her features were rather more agreeable than regular. She might have been taken for a Grace, but not for a Venus. The brown Zirphe came next. Her shape and gait were those of a nymph. Her eye darted the burning fires of noon-day. It warmed not, but consumed. Zirphe had the art of creating desires, but seldom that of inspiring love. One might ra-

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ther seek to conquer than to please her. Dirce would fain have got the start of the two first. Her foible was the love of universal rule. It cannot be said that she wanted beauty, neither can it be said that she was beautiful. Her imperious air injured her charms; it frightened the timid sisterhood of the graces. Dirce never went in company with them. She might have been taken for the arrogant Juno, that came, not to dispute, but to demand the apple as her right. A great number of other Thessalian maids pushed forward to show themselves. Their united charms presented the nice and smiling variety of a parterre of flowers.

Doris was the last that came. All eyes, every heart, flew to meet her. All were moved. It was doubted whether she was not Venus herself, going to preside over the mysteries of her temple. The most beautiful in this competition were observed to blush, to grow pale at the sight of Doris, and to cast around them uneasy looks; sometimes on her, and sometimes on the bench of judges, who were to make an estimate of their charms. The same bench was also observed to gaze with astonishment on one uniting so many attractions, and affording such sudden marks of admiration.

In the mean time the ceremony began. It consisted in a scrupulous examination of the charms of

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each candidate. There, not one of them could have had recourse to the impositions of art. To appear beautiful, she must be so throughout her person. The superstructure of a head more than human, raised upon a defective body; a fine shape without proper requisites; or any single perfection unaccompanied by others, gave no right to the prize. It was the due only of those to whom nature, *in all respects*, had shown herself liberal. More than once, however, the rigour of this condition admitted of mitigation, and sometimes it could not be conformed to. It could in the present circumstances more than in any other.

It was in the sanctuary of the temple that the examination was completed. Each beauty appeared, there, unveiled; every fault was perceptible; nothing could impose on the eyes of the judges. There was in the sanctuary a statue of the goddess. It was executed by the famous Phidias. He adopted, to give it the last perfection, all the resources of his art, and all those which nature held forth to him. The rarest beauties of Greece served him as models.

"Receive this crown," said the high-priestess to Doris, admidst the acclamations of the other judges. "Reign over all your companions. They have no occasion to murmur at this sentence. Well may they yield to you the empire of beauty

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without renouncing the honour of being beautiful."—Who could believe it? her most potent rivals applauded her triumph. It was a superiority that even silenced envy itself. But Doris did not yet fully enjoy her victory. A new fear disturbed her mind. She dared not doubt of Thersander's gaining the prize on his side; she dared not promise herself that he would. Courted favour might deprive him of it; his judges might be mistaken; and then how great must be her misfortune to have had the preference! Her destiny was thought worthy of envy; but she dreaded that she should be obliged to envy that of her rivals.

In the mean time, she was covered with a flowng and light robe, such as Venus wore when she first attracted the admiring eyes of Adonis. But Venus appeared without a veil, and Doris was to be veiled from the sight of him whom a victory, like unto her own, was to make her husband. He, too, was to accost her in the armour he should be complimented with. This twofold usage subsisted since the institution of the prizes. The design of it was to keep up, even after marriage, a troublesome, yet useful uncertainty. Often it suspended joy; often it prevented resistance.

The altar, before which the victorious couple were to be joined, was placed in the middle of an avenue that led from one temple to the other.

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A melodious symphony was the signal for repairing to it. Doris was again chilled with fears. She was led forward in triumphal pomp; but her steps wavered. She might have been taken for a victim devoted to the anger of Diana, rather than a favourite of Venus. The conqueror approached on his side, conducted by the priests of Apollo. An immense concourse of spectators were absorbed in silent attention to witness the ceremony. The hymns of the goddess and of the god presiding over the ceremonies, were sung. A painting of Venus was exhibited, and another of Apollo. "It is like Thersander," said Doris, admiring the latter piece; "it is like Thersander. May he not be crowned?" But in vain her looks pierced the veil that covered her: in vain she endeavoured to discover the features of the husband whom she was going to accept. The visor of his helmet, fastened very low, eluded the researches of her eyes. She, however, descried the same anxiety in the young Thessalian's eyes as in her own, but on both sides it was equally fruitless.

Then the high-priestess of Venus, and the high-priest of Apollo, ordered the young couple to stand before the altar. They were not asked if they were willing to be married; custom made this an irrevocable law to them. The high-priest joined their hands; the priestess twined them with flowers;

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the people expressed wishes for their felicity, of which they themselves could not yet presume to entertain a flattering idea. Their feelings cannot be described. The hand of Doris shook in that of the young Thesalian; and he seemed, to her, to labour under a like uneasiness. "Alas!" said she to herself, "what situation can compare with mine? Perhaps my union is with Thersander; perhaps too I am the conquest of Eurilas or some other. This moment will be forever decisive of my happiness or misery; I know not what it reserves for me. I dare not show too much forwardness, nor use too much reluctance." Doris was still hesitating. She had already a husband, without knowing or being known by him. But this mystery was about to be revealed. She waited for the moment with agitation and dread. Her happiness and life depended on it; for she was resolved not to survive a separation from Thersander.

There still remained that the youthful pair should comply with another custom. The bridegroom was to take off the veil that concealed the features of his bride; and she was afterwards to take off his helmet. This was to be done by both in silence. The young man raised the veil, burst out into an involuntary cry, and fell at the feet of Doris; but Doris knew not what she was doing. She was unable to distinguish these inarticulate accents, whe-

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ther as the voice of Thersander, or of one of his rivals. The attitude, it is true, declared love; but how many, besides Thersander, loved her! She hesitated, and trembled whilst undoing the ties of the helmet; her eye looked, but dreaded to see; her hands scarce dared finish their work. It was done, however; the helmet was taken off, and the fate of Doris was cleared up: unable to withstand the emotions of her heart, she was ready to fall, and in the act of doing so, threw herself into the arms of her husband.—It was Thersander!

At this sight, all the spectators burst into shouts of acclamation. Every one applauded the choice of the judges; so aptly and so fortunately seconding the wishes of the two lovers. Even Thersander's rivals murmured not, so much did this youthful pair seem born not to be separated. Thersander and Doris, like other lovers, had hoped that every blessing would attend their union, and, in their case, this hope was never frustrated.

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MARY STUKELEY.

Oh ! Love can take
What shape he pleases, and when once begun
His fiery inroad in the soul, how vain
The after-knowledge which his presence gives.
Barry Cornwall.

I am no fatalist; but if ever individual was subject to the influence of a prevailing destiny—a destiny which has blighted his hopes, and run counter to all the views and prospects of his life, and changed completely his situation, habits, feelings, and almost transformed him into a different being—I am that one. But I have no wish to extenuate my faults or crimes, with the flimsy excuse that my actions were controlled by some unknown but powerfully operating cause, compelling me to pursue a pre-ordained course of existence: on the contrary, I am persuaded that such a doctrine is wholly inconsistent with the principles of

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religion, and subversive of morality. No: I feel —I know that I was free from the first to choose between good and evil; that I had a perpetual option of adopting or rejecting any given course of action. Unhappily, my choice was an erroneous one, nor did I perceive my mistake till it could not be rectified.

Without violent passions, and naturally disposed to quiet and retirement, I have been, by a concurrence of circumstances, reduced to a state of misery, which has dried up the natural current of my feelings, and rendered my heart, once the habitation of the tenderest emotions, a wilderness and place of burning sorrow. The early years of my life I pass over as being of no importance to my story. They passed in a regular, uninterrupted course of happiness. They are days that we recur to with feelings of pleasure and regret; days of joy, that once gone, never again return; "for life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim." Yet, though we dwell on them with feelings of rapture, they are times of which little can be said by the biographer of his own life. Their very serenity, and the uniformity of their placid delights, precludes the possibility of making them part of a narration. Like a landscape of level country, which we look upon with pleasure, but without intense feelings of admiration, they present no pro-

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minent points of view on which a writer can dwell. It is with unusual occurrences—with narrations of deep misfortune or vivifying joy—the harsh rocks and dazzling beauties of the landscape of life, that he has to deal.

I was about the age when youth begins to be lost in manhood, when I saw Mary Stukeley. I was on a visit to a friend's. Rambling one morning among the most beautiful scenery I ever knew, I saw this fair creature. I saw and loved her. I know these first-sight affections are not much in vogue at this time of day. I even acknowledge the justness of the ridicule which is thrown out with an unsparing hand against them: like most other reasoners, making an exception in favour of my own peculiar case. I lost no time in inquiring after the divinity who had engaged my heart, and learnt that she was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, a widower. I learnt also that her pecuniary expectations were not great. But what was this to me? I had enough for us both. Besides, what lover of one-and-twenty ever inquired into his mistress' rent-roll, or sought for other treasures than were contained in her own lovely self? She had a brother, about a year older than herself. I wrote to my parents to obtain their approbation of my choice. It was easily granted, and I assailed my charmer with all love's artillery of sighs, and

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entreaties, and letters, and every thing which I thought might win her smile. I was not altogether without success. She listened to me with patience, and, I flattered myself, with pleasure. I pressed my suit, and at last she acknowledged that she loved me.

Beautiful visions of former happiness! why must my reminiscences of joy be ever accompanied with a pang at the comparison of my past and present state? Yet, though I reflect on it with the severest pain, there are thoughts connected with the subject, which I dwell upon, if not with pleasure, yet with something approaching to it. I cannot help feeling a complacent emotion at remembering, that a being like Mary did not think me unworthy her esteem and affection. I love to think of the walks we have had together, when the mournful rustling of winds among the trees and long grass, and the lengthening shadows, told us the approach of evening. I cannot forget the feelings with which I then looked upon the beauties of nature. My heart had not then lost its facility of receiving such impressions; it was not blunted with the attacks of grief, nor jaundiced with the bitterness of disappointment. Those were happy days—when, with her hand clasped in mine, and her beautiful eyes beaming love, we wandered o'er plains and valleys—

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——Where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where mouldering piles, and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills the ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean blazing all around!

—Such was my first love; and there are feelings in a first love which no subsequent attachment can yield. The realization of those visions that the imagination has long been wont to create, and the mind to dwell upon; the floating and indistinct ideas (more beautiful from their very undefinedness) of rapture, and confidence, and happiness, which the warmth of youthful feeling infuses into youthful hearts; the novelty of the emotion; the exquisite vibration of hope, and fear, and joy, and sadness; the devotedness with which the soul is given up to one object, and one passion, conspire to give charms to the dream of first love, which are but faintly shadowed in a subsequent attachment.

The day was fixed for our marriage. I anticipated it, as may be conceived, with ecstatic joy. I thought my bliss was certain. Alas! how soon was I to find the futility of such hopes! The evening before the appointed day I walked out alone, to enjoy, uninterrupted, the pleasure of my varied emotions. Mary was at home, reading a new work I had procured for her. It was a

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lovely summer's evening. The sun had set; the day had been intensely hot, and the lightning blazed from the sky in vivid sheets. I gazed on it with pleasure as it flashed from the ether, and was reflected on the rippling waves of the river, which ran beside me. On the banks of the stream dark evergreens lifted their frowning tops, mingled with the lighter green of the willow and the beech. A lovely country spread itself around me in every direction, and the view was terminated by the dusky blue mountains that rose in dim majesty, scarcely distinguishable from the clouds that rolled on their tops. I stood to look on the scene, and enjoy the freshness of the air. I was filled with pleasant musings. I was in a state of what might be called affluence. I was a lover and beloved, and the next day was to crown my happiness. How little I imagined what to-morrow would bring forth—that I should be a fugitive and a wanderer!

While I was thus engaged, a female passed by me at a little distance. She was above the middle size, of a commanding appearance, and the most expressive countenance I think I ever beheld. She was not, perhaps, what many might call beautiful, but I never knew any one who possessed so much the power of interesting at a first look. Her face was rather pale, but the features

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were striking, and her dark eye threw a vivid intelligence over their expression. Her black hair was curled in ringlets that clustered about her temples, and one lock waved down upon a beautifully shaped neck. There was perceivable too a lurking trace of the darker passions, which seemed to be disguised under an habitually assumed look of softness. By her dress, she appeared below the middle station of society; but there was a dignity, an ease in her manner, which repelled the idea. I certainly, for the time, forgot the subjects of which I had been thinking—even Mary's image slipped from my mind.

As she was pursuing her road, her foot slipped, and she fell. I flew to assist her, and inquired if her fall had done her injury. She complained of having sprained her ancle, and I offered her my arm, which, after some excuses and apologies, she accepted. I really cannot tell how it was, but I felt a strange emotion at being thus situated. I was pleased—(I certainly ought not then to have been pleased, at least peculiarly pleased, by the society of any woman but one)—I said I was pleased, but it was a pleasure mixed with something like fear. There was something unaccountable about her, at least I thought so, which prevented me from feeling so at ease as I had always been with other females. A great part of this

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might be the fruit of imagination, for I had always a great inclination for the marvellous, and had spent many an hour, in my younger days, in framing plots of castles and giants, sphinxes, hypogriffs, and knights, and ladies, all mighty terrific and wonderful; as I thought then—

> ———Forms that bore
> A shadowy likeness to those fabled things
> That sprung of old from man's imaginings;
> Each look'd a fierce reality,—or seem'd
> Nourish'd among the wonders of the deep,
> And wilder than the poet ever dream'd!

—As we walked along, we conversed on various subjects. Her discourse was interesting, fluent and animated; perhaps too much so, for it was interspersed with remarks whose general truth and well-directed pungency scarcely atoned for their freedom and boldness, which I did not altogether admire: perhaps she perceived this, for she changed the style of her conversation, and I began to listen to her with considerable delight. It may be mentioned, as an instance of my absence of mind whilst in her company, that I forgot to think, far less to inquire, where we were going. Indeed, I seemed to be in a dream—a dream, the awakening from which has been terrible.

We arrived at a spot, the most delightful I ever beheld. The earth sank in a kind of natural basin,

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the sides of which were covered with the highest green, and enamelled with the loveliest flowers: harebells, daisies, "wee crimson-tipped flowers," and innumerable others, of all colours, gushed out in profusion. Water-lilies waved their graceful heads on the brink of a spring that bubbled from the bottom of the spot, and oozing away through the long grass and weeds which impeded its progress, trickled down its narrow channel with almost imperceptible murmurings. My companion complaining of increased pain, occasioned, as she thought, by walking, we sat down on a large stone, which seemed to have lain there undisturbed by ages. A large oak spread over its branching arms, "the massy growth of twice a hundred years," to which the ivy clung and twined about in fantastic wreathings. The magic of the spot, the light whisperiug of the winds through the quivering leaves, the gurgling of the brook as it boiled in mimic rage over the stones and other obstacles which presented themselves to its course; the perfume of the air, the witching hour, joined with a strange feeling of inquietude, the cause of which I feared to search into, overpowered my senses and unhinged my faculties. A thought of Mary intruded itself on me, for the first time; I felt it an intrusion, and strove to banish it. Meanwhile my companion had remained silent: at last she spoke, in a sportive manner, to me on

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the cause of my abstraction. I did not answer, and, plucking a flower from the ground, she offered it to me. I snatched at it: I caught her hand in mine; she smiled, and I was at her feet!—

I was startled by the approach of a foostep. I looked up, and to my confusion beheld the brother of Mary. He had never been favourable to my passion for his sister, and I feared the worst consequences from his rage and dislike to me. I flew to him; he passed on, and strove to avoid me; but I followed, and overtook him. I said something about explanations. "Sir," he replied, "I wish for no further explanations; the thing explains itself. Meanwhile, I wish at present to be alone. I wish you a good night." I remonstrated with him, and he replied in terms which, however warm, were, I must confess, authorized by my conduct. To be brief, our quarrel became serious, he gave me a challenge; I accepted it and we parted.

I rushed home in a state of madness. At the gate I met Mary: she laughed, and playfully attempted to stop me, but I passed by with a violence that allowed no time to converse. I flew to my room, and, flinging myself into a chair, gave myself up to the flood of passion and misery that overwhelmed me. And when I reflected, it was misery. I had been seduced (I could not think by what evil influ-

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ence) from the allegiance I owed to Mary—to her who, to-morrow, should become my wife; and, e'er the nuptial hour should arrive, I might be the murderer, or have fallen by the hand of her brother. At any rate, it was probable, almost certain, that he would disclose what he knew: it might be, nay, was wasit not likely that she should feel indignant at my conduct, and cast me off as unworthy of her? I was filled with agonizing apprehensions; the tumult of my mind was dreadful.

In about an hour would be the time at which I was to meet Mary's brother. I took out my pistols and loaded them, and was almost ready to use them to put an end to my existence. Whilst I was thus employed, I heard a gentle rap at the door. I went and opened it, and found Mary. I went back, and she followed me. The first thing she saw was my pistols, which I had forgotten to conceal. "What are these for?" was her question, pointing to them. I was so confounded that, for some time, I could make no answer. At last I said that I had been cleaning them. I looked at her; her eyes were swoln and inflamed with weeping, and I cursed myself for bringing misery on her. She held out her hand to me. "What ails you? you seem unwell." I took her hand—"Mary, forgive me," and I clasped her in my arms, and wept over her in convulsive sorrow. She

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was alarmed at my behaviour, and earnestly entreated me to tell her the cause of it. I became more calm. She spoke with me for some time, and I had resolved to disclose the whole to her; when, the clock striking, reminded me of my engagement. I threw myself on her neck, talked something incoherently about her brother, and, snatching up my pistols, I broke from her.

I rushed, in this state of desperation, towards the place appointed for our meeting; when, passing through a grove which sheltered the back of the house, some one caught me by the arm. I looked, and it was the detested being, the woman through whom I had brought myself into my present situation. I would rather have met with the sight of a basilisk. I endeavoured to get away, but she commanded me to stay, and I obeyed. "You hate me," she said: "I have been, unwillingly, the cause of your quarrel with the brother of your intended wife: nay, be patient, I am here to serve you. I overheard all; I know where you are going; it is now in vain, he is dead." "Dead!" I exclaimed, "who is dead? Speak, woman." "Stukeley!" For some time I could not speak. Horror and amazement deprived me of all power of utterance. "Tell me, how was this? who did it? when or where was it?" "Immediately after I had overheard the

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conversation between you and him," she continued, "I left the spot. In an hour after that time he was found murdered. No robbery had been committed on his person: his watch, and what money he had, were safe. Suspicion has fallen on you, and——" "On me, and why?" "Ask nothing," she replied, "time presses; in a short time you will (unless you save yourself by flight) be apprehended. The evidence is strong against you; some one heard you quarrel; he was seen with no one else. As you returned, you passed by the Deadman's Hill, as they call it, a place out of the common road, and near where the body was found. Your strange behaviour, when you arrived at the house was noticed by the servants. Whether you are guilty or not, you know best. I have told you what I have heard. But haste: every moment brings increasing danger. There are horses in the stable." She dragged me on, for I was so bewildered with the dreadful information, that I possessed scarcely any power over myself. We stopped at the stable door; she left me, and in a few moments brought forth a horse, which she herself saddled and bridled. "No," said I, "I will not fly; I am innocent, and fear nothing." "This is mere madness," she rejoined; "fly for the present; hereafter you may return; the real murderer will

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probably be discovered; circumstances now overpower you, and you must yield to them." In the state of confusion in which I was, I was easily prevailed upon to do any thing. "That is your safest road; go to London, there you may be safe; inquire for John Bell, the basket-maker, in —— street. I will overtake you; conceal yourself. But you will want money; take this," and she put a purse, seemingly well furnished, into my hand. I endeavoured to thank her. I forgot what evil she had been the cause of to me. "Say nothing," she interrupted; "remember the misery I have brought upon you; perhaps," she added, "you will not forget that I have endeavoured to atone for it." There was something in her words and manner that touched me. "Some one comes," she said; "begone—farewell." She disappeared, and I pursued, as swiftly as I could, the road she had pointed out to me.

In the evening of the next day, I arrived at the metropolis, faint and weary with exertion. My first course was to inquire for the place to which I had been directed. I found it with considerable difficulty. It was a small, dirty, uncomfortable house; but any place of refuge was acceptable. I inquired if I could have lodgings here. The man eyed me narrowly, and beckoned to his wife, (I suppose to look well after me,) he went into a

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back room, from which he soon returned, and asked me in. I entered, and found, to my surprise, the woman whom I had left when I departed from P——. She perceived my astonishment, and said, "you see I am a quick traveller. I came by a nearer, but more public road than you, which is the reason of my being here before you. She then ordered in some refreshment, which we eat together. We spoke little, and I shortly retired for the night.

I retired, but not to rest; for the tumult of my thoughts effectually precluded sleep. Two days before, I was happy; all my wishes were about to be crowned with fulfilment, and I had scarce a hope or desire for more; and now, how different was my state! I was a fugitive and a wanderer; a proclaimed felon; branded as a murderer; compelled to shun society, and to hide myself from the light of day. And Mary! what would she think of my conduct? I was charged with the murder of her brother. I had fled from justice, and, of course, my guilt would be proclaimed. And would she, too, think me a villain? would she banish me from her memory, or think of me only with hatred and abhorrence? These were questions I feared to answer. Appearances were strongly against me, and though hope whispered that Mary would frame excuses for my conduct, and disbelieve the story of

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my guilt, yet it was possible, it was most probable, that it would be otherwise. From Mary my thoughts turned to her who had been the cause of this misery. There certainly was something in her that excited not mere interest: it was not admiration, for she was rather to be feared than admired; it was something which powerfully attracted my thoughts towards, and kept her idea almost continually in view. I was unable to discover why she had taken any interest in me; for that she did so, her conduct made evident. Why should she follow me, assist, and conceal me? What could I be to her? Before that fatal day, I had never, to my knowledge, so much as seen her. I ran over the events of the evening when I saw her. I could scarcely think that accident alone had produced the meeting which had led to such important consequences. Then the murder of Mary's brother, happening at that exact time, and attended with such circumstances, perplexed me. Such were the thoughts which, for a long time, prevented me from reposing in slumber. At last I slept, but my sleeping were more dreadful than my waking hours. Horrid visions thronged around me. Now I saw the murdered Stukeley, struggling with some one, whose features I could not perceive, and crying out for vengeance against his murderer. Then the vision would disappear, and in its place was Mary,

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pale and frantic, seeking for him who had injured her. These, and a thousand other fantasies of a like nature, rose up to my distempered fancy. At last, morning came, and drove them away, but it was only to be succeeded by real and heart-felt miseries.

For near a month I continued here, during the whole of which I saw no one but the man of the house, his wife, and Eliza, for so she desired me to call her. The conduct of this last was singular. To all my inquiries as to her motives for attending to me, &c. she gave me none but general answers, which afforded me no information. Her behaviour was contrary to my expectation, particularly delicate, and seemingly that of a woman accustomed to the higher ranks of society. Let it not be imagined that any affection for her existed in my breast. All feelings of that nature were swallowed up in the attachment which, although hopeless, I still nourished for Mary. At last, a circumstance occurred which explained, in some manner, the motives of her conduct.

One morning, whilst I was sitting in my wretched chamber, I was alarmed by a noise below, as of several persons quarreling. I started up, and in a moment after, Eliza rushed into the room. "You are lost!" she exclaimed; "here are the officers of justice." "What," said I, "is there

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no refuge?—Well, then," I added, after a moment's pause, "let them come, I am ready for them." "No, no," she answered, "it must not be so. I cannot lose you thus. I love you: promise to me that I shall be your wife, and I will save you." "No, never; I will perish first!" was my answer; for I could not bear the thought of ruining, by one blow, all my hopes of being united to Mary. The officers were approaching the door. "Decide," said my companion; "in a moment, or it will be too late." The thought of my situation, of the ignominious death to which I should probably be doomed, rushed into my mind. I shuddered at the prospect, and, almost fainting with agitation, I promised. Eliza opened a door, which I had never before seen; it had been concealed by an old screen, which was placed before it, and we descended into a kind of cellar. "Now you are safe," said she; "no one but myself is acquainted with this place." Here we remained till the noise above had, for some time, entirely ceased. At last, my companion ventured up the steps by which we had descended, and returning, assured me that the coast was clear, and I ascended into the room. We sat down, and for some time continued silent, and without looking at each other. At last, I turned my eyes towards her. She looked at me with a fixed and steady gaze, as

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if to pierce into the recesses of my soul. She rose; she advanced to me—"Do you remember your promise?" "I do, and am ready to fulfil it," was my reply. "You are ready to fulfil it!" said she; "you are ready to give your hand when you cannot give your heart?—Be silent," she continued, as she perceived I was about to interrupt her. "You are ready to marry a woman whom you do not, cannot love. Aye, when you love another; when——" "This is too much!" I exclaimed; "why am I to be thus tormented? I have promised; I am willing to perform what I have promised; what more do you require?" "Nothing; nay, not so much. Think not that I am so vile a one; that, though a wretched and erring woman, I am so swallowed up in selfishness; that I have lost all feeling; that, though I love and avow it to you, I would make you mine, by compelling you to sacrifice all that is dear to you." Her voice faltered; she turned away: in a moment after, collecting herself, she added, "I release you from your promise." She sank upon a chair, and wept.

I was now placed in a situation most embarrassing to me. I saw before me a woman who loved me; for I could not doubt the truth of what she said. And yet, when she had it in her power to indulge her wishes, by compelling the performance

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of my promise, she had generously disdained to take advantage of it, but had left me free to follow the bent of my inclination. And what return was I to make to this behaviour? Was I to consider myself as released from my engagement, and inflict misery upon one who had watched over me, and taken so deep an interest in my fate? I could not do it. I resolved to marry her. Probably I was influenced in this determination by the improbability of ever being united to her whom my heart had chosen as its fondest object of adoration. To be the husband of Mary seemed almost out of the reach of possibility. I walked up to Eliza; I took her hand. It is useless to relate our conversation. We were married.

I was married, to whom? strange as it may appear, I never knew. Indeed, when I look over this part of my life, I am inclined to regard the whole of it as a troubled dream. But the effects which I still fatally experience, tell too plainly that it was reality, and reality alone, which has wrought so great a change in me. Eliza was a woman, certainly of very superior talents; probably of violent and irregular passions. Of these, however, I know little. During the short period of our union, her conduct was without reproach. Her faults (perhaps I am making use of too lenient an expression) were those of a strong mind, unre-

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strained by prudence, or the force of early restriction. The stream which, if confined within proper limits, would have moved on in gentle calmness, spreading fertility in its course, if abandoned to its unchecked violence, rushes on a sweeping torrent of destruction: so had it been with her, and such will ever be the effect when a too vigorous imagination and talented confidence urge their possessor to pass the bounds which society has imposed on its members.

Three days after this event, the real murderer of Stukeley was discovered. I might now return in safety to my home and to my friends. But there was one to whom I could not return. That happiness I had forfeited. I determined never again to see Mary. I removed with Eliza to a small house, at a considerable distance from the place in which I had been so long immured. She excelled in painting and needle-work, and the produce of her labours maintained us both. I could not bear, however, to subsist by her exertions alone, and I resolved, when my health, which had been injured by my long confinement, was in some degree restored, to return and claim my property. It was near four months before I was able to commence my journey. I departed, howveer, and the next day brought me to my habitation. The congratulation of friends, the rejoicing of do-

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mestics, and other circumstances which took place at my return, are of too little importance to my narrative to be dwelt upon. In the course of a week my affairs were completely arranged, and I prepared to revisit London. It was a little past sunset when I passed the residence of Mary. What conflux of emotions thronged upon my mind! How short a time had passed over since, at this very spot, I had walked with her whom I loved! and the bower in which we had sat at the evening, and watched the beautiful setting of the sun as he sunk enveloped in the clouds of many a varied hue. I could not resist the temptation of again taking a look at the beloved scenes. I was beside the garden. I fastened my horse to the stump of an old tree, and sprang over the wall. I was surprised by a faint shriek. I turned round; in a moment I held Mary in my arms.

With what mingled feelings I pressed her to my breast! Joy, almost amounting to rapture, at again clasping the object of my affection; sorrow, shame and disappointment embittered the meeting. She had heard, of course, of the discovery of the murderer of her brother, and rejoiced in the proof of my innocence. She inquired after the motives and manner of my escape, and where I had been since? I answered her questions, suppressing every circumstance relating to my wife.

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She pressed me to enter the house, and assured me that her friends were much interested in my fate. I suffered myself to be prevailed on. Why should I delay to complete my narration?—I loved her. Some months passed over, and we were married.

I know not what it was that thus far blunted the stings of conscience; but after this second marriage I was miserable. In vain I found myself beloved and esteemed by all around me. I could not esteem: I could not do otherwise than hate myself. I reflected on my conduct towards Eliza; on her devotedness to me, which ought, in my eyes, to have counterbalanced all her failings. I was, indeed, most miserable; my spirits sunk; I was haunted by fearful visions; and I was weary of my existence. Mary perceived it, and inquired anxiously into the cause of it. I evaded her questions for a considerable time; at last I confessed the whole to her. From that moment her health declined. To think that she had united herself to one who had behaved so basely to another of her own sex, was terrible to her. She said little; but I perceived that the blow had struck to her heart, and I detested myself as the cause of it. It seemed as if I was destined to be the destruction of all who loved, trusted, and confided in me.

One evening we were seated in the bower,

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where, in happier days, we had enjoyed such pure and unalloyed bliss. She had been in better health that day than for some time. We conversed with a pleasure which we had not felt for many a long and tedious day before. Towards the close of the evening she lost her vivacity, and became more thoughtful and pensive: leaning her head on my breast, she said, with a hollow voice, "I must leave you!" I was alarmed: I pressed her cheek to my lips. She attempted to rise, but sank on the ground—"I am dying!" I caught her in my arms: she was dead.

I have long been a wanderer; I have sought for rest, but in vain; the burning sting of remorse has rankled in my breast, and life has long been a burden to me. I have made many inquiries after Eliza, but in vain: peace be to her! In her good or bad qualities, probably no one is now interested but the wretched solitary who pens these lines. She will, with him, be forgotten. Oblivion, the refuge of the miserable, will shroud our names in its gloomy curtain. Perhaps it might have been as well if oblivion had been suffered to fall over the events contained in this imperfect narrative, instead of adding another to the already countless records of human follies, and of human crimes: but it may serve to show the evil effects which ensue from the first false step. They cannot be foretold, and are irremediable.

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THE FAIR MARSEILLOISE.

The Caliph Montasser, the thirtieth successor of Mahomet, had reposed much confidence in a virtuous and brave officer, particularly remarkable for his disinterestedness; a rare quality in an Asiatic court. Taher was the name of this officer. He was never an abettor, much less an accomplice in his master's crimes, who had ascended the throne by the murder of his own father. He always served him faithfully, considering himself as his subject, and not as his judge; and being sent into Egypt by the Caliph, and charged with a very important commission, he acquitted himself of it with as much zeal as success.

Taher, in traversing Egypt sojourned for some time in Alexandria. He was busy in visiting the port of that city, when a corsair of Tunis arrived there. Among several precious articles of merchandise that composed the ship's cargo, there was one of inestimable value.—It was a young slave worthy of the rank and title of Queen, if beauty alone could bestow them. She even joined with

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this extreme beauty, all the talents that contribute to enhance its value. The charms of her voice were particularly admired, as well as her art and taste in singing. Taher saw her, and was surprised at the impression she made on his mind. He had arrived at the age of thirty-five, but was, till now, unacquainted with all lively passions, except that of glory: he even hoped never to know any other. The sight of this young slave undeceived him. He loved her as one loves the first time; that is, excessively.

The beautiful captive was born at Marseilles; she spoke Arabic very well, which was a natural consequence of the great commerce carried on between that city and the East. She answered all Taher's questions, and put a good many to him. She informed him of her origin, name, and all the circumstances of her captivity. Her name was Geraldine: her family had been possessed of the first post in Marseilles; but accident having stripped them of their wealth, they had lost a good part of their splendour. Geraldine, herself, who had been left an orphan, and under the care of a relation already much advanced in years, had the misfortune to please him, with the vexation to hear him plead his passion, which he did with all the authority and importance of a guardian. She answered him with the submission of a ward, who dared not to

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manifest her entire dislike, yet could not perfectly disguise it. She, however, bethought herself of means to withdraw from the impending misfortune. Some of her family had taken refuge in Italy: she resolved to imitate this example; that is, to go and live with relations who might not have the same views as her guardian, or who might deserve better to entertain them. A ship ready to sail for Venice, furnished her with an opportunity, which she availed herself of. But, unhappily, an African corsair attacked and took the French vessel.

There was sufficient merchandize in it amply to satisfy the pirate's avidity: Geraldine, notwithstanding, was full of apprehensions of becoming a prey to his brutality. But the African was still more covetuous than dissolute. He judged that to use violence against her was to hurt his price, and this reflection saved her from present danger. Geraldine saw herself reserved for some powerful personage of the Caliph's empire; supposing the pirate could not have access to bargain with the Caliph himself.

Taher thought of profiting by these circumstances. He was free to see and entertain the young captive every hour of the day, as any person might be free to examine frequently a diamond or any other jewel, which a merchant sets up for sale. He even believed he perceived that the

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amiable Geraldine found in his visits a sort of mitigation of her disgrace. He was not deceived; and with less modesty he could have discovered more than he dared to suspect.—Taher added to a very engaging and noble figure, that air of candour and amenity which always pleases minds to which those virtues are not foreign, and often such, even, as least know them. Could Geraldine, who entirely possessed them, not find them dear to her in this Asiatic ?

The beautiful Marseilloise, who had no hopes of again seeing her country, ardently wished to get out of the pirate's power; but she did not imagine that it was practicable without passing into other hands, and Taher seemed to her to deserve the preference. She would even have given it to him over the Caliph. But, whilst her wishes seconded so favourably those of the amorous Mussulman, he was sunk into an excess of grief. The pirate valued the young slave at so high a price, as to surpass all that he could offer for her. It has been already observed, that Taher was a disinterested courtier; but he was now likely to regret having carried that virtue too far. It was the first time undoubtedly, that, for want of a moderate sum, the favourite of a powerful monarch was incapacitated to satisfy a fond desire, or even a new caprice. It may be well presumed that the

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corsair made the same reflection. Taher not being wealthy, appeared to him, necessarily, as little considered by his master, and still less worthy of possessing Geraldine; being not in a condition to pay for her.

It is easy to fancy the desolate state of this unfortunate favourite. "O virtue!" cried he, "to what trials must we be put, to follow thee without going astray! But that which I now undergo is surely the most cruel of all." He returned to the beautiful slave, who was ignorant of a part of his uneasiness; he laid it open to her, and made her affliction equal to his own. "Yes, charming Geraldine," added he, "I begin to believe that gold is really precious, since it is the only thing that can ensure to me the possession of you; and no other proof is wanting to convince me of its value." "Alas!" replied Geraldine, the tears starting from her eyes, "all this proves to me more and more the horror of my state. In vain my heart would fain bestow itself; my whole person is set up at auction, and I must be his who bids most for me." "O, Alla!" cried Taher, "how can I resolve to see her pass into hands perhaps unworthy of possessing her; and though they might be worthy, would my grief be less real, and the loss of her less irreparable?" Geraldine made no reply; but her tears still flowed with an

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expression that spoke sufficiently in the place of any other. Taher could no longer stand the shock. He formed a resolution, which cost him much to take, because it seemed to run counter to all his former conduct. It was to have recourse to the governor of Egypt not to interpose his authority in this affair, and to borrow from him what he wanted of the sum required by the pirate. A rich citizen of Alexandria, who esteemed Taher's virtue, and whom chance informed of his embarrassment, prevented him by offers, which in any other case would not have been accepted. They were, however, on this occasion. Already, Taher believed himself at the height of his wishes; already Geraldine shared in the satisfaction she read on his countenance. But a new incident involved him again in new alarms.

The great beauty of the young slave was celebrated in all parts of Alexandria. Achmet, governor of upper and lower Egypt had early information, and was desirous to be a judge of it himself. He gave orders to the pirate to bring before him this famed beauty. This order arrived the same instant that Taher believed he had no other obstacle to conquer, and when he was ready to pay the price required by the corsair for delivering up Geraldine to him. But the African judged that it was first necessary to satisfy the go-

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venor's curiosity. This was less a tractable humour on his side, than refined avarice. He made no doubt that the charms of his young captive would make the strongest impression on that commandant's mind; and he hoped to make a better bargain by a man, who, at pleasure, could distress and exact money from a whole state, than by a favourite who had made a vow never to distress any one.

Taher in vain opposed this resolution. At last, he thought it most advisable to go himself in person, and inform Achmet of what had passed. His object was to divert him from the desire of seeing Geraldine; persuaded he should have him for a rival the moment she appeared before him. The governor, who in the main hated him, could not, however, refuse him his esteem,—chiefly on account of the great regard the Caliph had for him; so that he was ready to desist from all pretensions to Geraldine, when, unfortunately, the pirate arrived, accompanied by the young slave, whom he had with great reluctance, on her part, conveyed to the palace. At this sight, Achmet seemed to lose suddenly the faculty of speech; but his silence was expressive. That of Taher was still more so, but he soon broke it, betraying some indignant emotions. He demanded Geraldine to be delivered to him without delay. But so prompt a deci-

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soul. It remains free amidst my chains.—It is not enough to purchase to obtain me.—It is I that must give myself."

"The treatment you will receive from me," replied Achmet, "shall conquer the untractableness of your heart." "Tremble," said Taher, "if thou makest the least attempt—if thou committest the least violence against Geraldine. Remember, I shall rather perish than not revenge her. At present I shall have recourse to the Caliph's authority; but take care to anticipate his decision: he only is to be our judge." "Be it so," replied the Governor, "but, in the mean time Geraldine may abide in this palace in all security." This promise appeased, but indifferently, the amorous Taher. It grieved him to the heart to leave his mistress in his rival's power; but it was what he could not help. Geraldine, on her part, spoke to him to inspire him with confidence; if, in such circumstances, a lover can be without fear.

Their separation was exceedingly painful. Fortunately no state affair detained Taher longer in Egypt, and he used all possible expedition to repair to Bagdat, where the Caliph resided. His favourable reception promised him much. First, he entered into some details relative to the commission he was charged with; and they gained for him the sovereign's approbation, who afterwards asked him

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concerning what he had seen remarkable in his journey. "Lord Commander of the Faithful," said he to the Caliph, "what I most admire in that country, so fertile in wonders, is a particular beauty that effaces the remembrance of them all, and whose privation would be the unhappiness of my life, as its possession would be entire happiness." This preamble exciting the Prince's curiosity, he desired Taher to explain himself without any figurative speech; which was what the latter wanted. He informed him of all the circumstances of his adventure, but with so much warmth that it was easy to see that the philosopher had given place, in him, to the lover. The Caliph seemed to hear him with great attention, and remained for some time after lost in thought. This was enough to alarm Taher in the greatest degree. But what could he think when for answer he heard the Prince charge him with a new commission to set out for a country quite opposite to that of Egypt, and with orders to depart immediately!

He was to repel an army of Greeks that had entered unexpectedly on the Caliph's territories. An employment of this nature could not be decently refused. He accepted it, but it was with a reluctance which was conquered rather by duty than ambition. "My lord," said Taher to the Caliph, "I am going to fight, and, as I hope, to vanquish

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slave, and among other things asked him if Geraldine's voice was really so perfect as he had told him. Taher assured him again that it was. "I believe, however," replied the Caliph, "that I have a young singer among my slaves who may dispute the prize with your's." With these words, he made a sign to one of his eunuchs, and on another sign made by the eunuch to one unseen by Taher, an affecting and harmonious voice was heard. The ear was charmed by it, the heart was moved. These sensations, however, were nothing compared with what Taher felt. He sighed, changed colour, was involuntarily agitated, and ready to lose all power; in a word, the melodious accents of the young slave appeared to him absolutely the same as those of Geraldine; it was she whom he heard, and he therefore judged her to be entirely lost to him.

The modulations of the invisible slave were plaintive and languishing, and characterised a mind affected with the deepest melancholy. They were, besides, in a language that neither the Caliph, nor Taher understood; and this was a new motive of conviction to Taher, that they came from Geraldine. The Caliph examined all his emotions, and asked him the reason of them.—"Ah! my lord," cried the amorous Mussulman, "either my troubled imagination transports me

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into Egypt, or the amiable Geraldine is in this place."

The Caliph, without answering, made another sign; and a great curtain being laid open, Geraldine herself appeared to the eyes of her lover, clad incredibly magnificent; and under the exterior of a queen of all the East rather than of an European slave. At this sight, Taher uttered a cry of astonishment and grief. He could no longer doubt of his misfortune. Every thing immediately figured to him the Caliph's love and Geraldine's frailty; and what completed his affliction was the slave's silence, immovable posture, and downcast looks. So cold an attitude drove him quite beyond himself. "My lord," said he to the Caliph, falling at his knees, "permit me to decline a trial too much above my strength. Geraldine ought to have preferred you to me; but do not expect that I should approve her conduct, and let me not, I beg, be any longer a witness of it. I always served you with an unremitting zeal, and let the reward of it be a retreat in some remote desert, where I may endeavour to forget the only object that ever touched my heart; or at least, bewail at leisure the misfortune of having sincerely loved."

The sighs and tears of Geraldine interrupted the close of this speech. It was not easy for Taher to penetrate the true motive of them, so as to

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know whether they proceeded from remorse, or pure tenderness. At last, the Caliph thought proper to put an end to this dismal perplexity. "Cheer up," said he to his favourite, "I have too long abused thy love by deception. Geraldine is thine; she was designed for me by Achmet, and I make a sacrifice of her to thee: I resign her to thee such as I received her. I only wished to divert myself a little with thy embarrassment. It was I," continued the Caliph, "that prescribed to Geraldine the conduct she has held, and which has cost her so much. I thought myself at liberty to require from her that frivolous complaisance; having debarred myself of even the wish of requiring any thing further." Taher, now at the height of joy, had the satisfaction of seeing Geraldine share it with him. Esteem in love is productive of a peaceful and placid confidence, and Taher had the happiness to esteem what he loved.

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THE CRUSADERS.

By M. D'Arnaud.

THE crusades form a considerable epoch in the history of the human mind. Not a single order of society was exempt from this memorable species of madness. Enthusiasm, like a devouring fire, had ravaged three-fourths of Christendom; nor was it easy to extinguish the conflagration. A variety of causes (amongst which not the least was a fervent devotion, blended with undiscerning valour,) contributed to feed the flames, and to produce in the minds of all an universal fermentation. Louis VII. king of France, happened in the same moment to be distracted by remorse, and fired by that passion for romantic achievements, which may be called the passion of his age. This prince, in a quarrel with the Count of Champagne, had caused more than 1300 persons to perish by fire, in the principal church of Vitry. St. Bernard insisted that nothing but an expedition to the Holy Land could atone for this horrible massacre. The

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Abbé Segur thought it would be a nobler expiation to remain in France, and by a wise administration to render his subjects happy: but the Saint prevailed; for envoys from Antioch and Jerusalem had arrived, who, by the most affecting representations, excited that kind of pervading and irresistible transport, which waited only the opportunities of exertion. Louis was impatient to espouse the cause of these Christians. He thought, however, that it became the dignity of the sovereign to restrain the impetuosity of the hero, till he could have the benefit of wise counsel, and mature deliberation. He therefore concealed the movements of his soul, and summoned the principal lords of the kingdom to attend him, at the festival of Christmas, in the year 1144.

There was not a knight in the kingdom who was not ambitious of appearing at this illustrious assembly. One of the most distinguished persons next to the great vassals of the sovereign, was Raymond, Lord of Crequi. He had passed his earlier years at court, being educated with Louis himself, who honoured him with his friendship. This young nobleman had recently married the rich heiress of one of the noblest families of Bretagne. But Adelaide had charms that were far superior to these advantages. Endowed with sweet sensibility, she loved her husband with a

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fervour equal to his own; and, in the estimation of all who knew them, the happy pair promised ever to be lovers. Gerard, the father of Raymond, had finished a glorious military career. As the intimate friend and companion in war of the celebrated Godfrey, he had distinguished himself in the first crusade, by exploits which Asia had not yet forgotten. He had many children, who seemed to promise permanency to the honours of his house; and no sooner had his sovereign issued the proclamation, than he instantly went to Raymond, who was his favourite son. "I understand," said he, "that the king has summoned his nobility to attend him. Doubtless some glorious expedition is preparing. And shall Raymond, the son of Crequi be one of the last to appear in this august assembly? Your excellent wife, I know, merits all your tenderness; but love must not detain, when duty commands you."

Adelaide was one of the first, perhaps, that knew the resolutions of the assembly, at which a new crusade was determined on. The venerable Gerard was informed of it, by the deep affliction in which he found his daughter-in-law. No sooner did she perceive him, than she exclaimed, "Ah, my father! must I then cease to live? I have no longer a husband. Alas! we have scarcely exchanged our vows at the altar, e'er I lose him."

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"My daughter," said the old man, "explain yourself!"—"What, my lord!" returned Adelaide, "know you not, that a second crusade—." "A second crusade! O, God! my king then undertakes thy defence!—And is this, Adelaide, the cause of your distress? What, my daughter! the wife of a chevalier! does she weep when my son rushes to glory, follows his sovereign to the field, and revenges his country and his God? Where is he, that I may press him to my heart? Adelaide, conceal these shameful tears. Great God! if the life of my son be necessary to deliver the holy places, take it; it is thine."—"O, my father!" interrupted Adelaide, "can you utter such a wish? Would you that my husband, my dear husband, should perish?"—"And were you not a christian, my daughter, before you were a wife?" replied the infatuated old man. "Think you that Raymond is less dear to me than to yourself? But glory, honour, the cause of God himself;—are these not objects to a warrior, who is my son, the honour and the hope of my grey hairs?" He perceived Raymond hastening to his wife. "I see you again, then, my son," said he, "decorated by the most splendid ornament with which a Crequi can be honoured! Let my tears remain on this divine cross, which I now see on your shoulder.—Raymond, I myself have borne it!" Adelaide,

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on hearing this, fainted in the arms of her female attendants. When, by the tender care of her husband, she had recovered her senses, with the voice of wo she exclaimed: "Raymond, what have I seen? This cross tells me all I have to dread."—"Do you love me, my Adelaide," said he, "and cannot my glory inspire you."—"You talk to me of glory!" returned the countess.—"Ah, Raymond, Raymond, I feel only my love—the miseries, the distracting miseries of absence. Oh! think, dearest Raymond,—I already bear the dear fruits of that tenderness that will unite me to you for ever; and can you thus abandon me?"—"Adelaide," said her husband, tenderly, "it is for God we combat—we shall obtain the victory. You will see me again covered with laurels. What pleasure shall I then taste in laying them at your feet! I shall then be more worthy of your love, and dearer to my child, to whom I shall give an example that will be glorious to follow."

The moment was at length arrived when Raymond de Crequi was about to repair to his sovereign. Two of his brothers and twenty-seven esquires were ranged under his banner. Raymond would fain have spared his wife the cruel scene of separation. Sinking under the fatigue of many nights which she had passed in tears, overcome by sleep, she tasted an agitated repose. Raymond

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contemplated her with unalterable tenderness and mingled anguish. Often did he leave her, and often return; each time imprinting gentle kisses on her lovely cheek:—"Dear Adelaide!" he said, "my adorable wife! Glory and religion would be offended by these tears! I leave you! But our confidence is in heaven; and next to God, it is from my sword that I hope for a return, equally glorious and happy." Count Gerard now took his son by the arm, saying, "Raymond, no weakness. The trumpet sounds—tear yourself away." "I obey you, my father," answered the son, "I obey you; but will you refuse me your blessing?" He threw himself at his feet.—"My blessing, my dear Raymond," exclaimed the father with enthusiastic rapture, "why cannot I give you my life, and ensure you glory?"

"No," exclaimed Adelaide, now emerging as it were from a deep and distressful reverie, "no, we will never part, I shall follow you, Raymond; I shall partake of your victories and your dangers. I will tread in your steps in the thickest of the battle. I will receive the assaults that threaten you—I will die by your side."—"Eternal obstacles!" interrupted the old chevalier, roused into anger: "If your husband were dear to you—but you love him not!—Accompany him! Do you forget your situation? Recollect that all the sensibility, all the

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cares of a mother, must soon be your's. Adelaide, are you my daughter?"—"Yes, my lord," replied Adelaide, "I am—yes, I am the wife of Raymond. —The welfare of the state, the glory of my husband, my religion, are dear to me; but my heart—my heart will never more be happy."—"Behold a hero," interrupted the old chevalier.—"A hero!" re-echoed the affectionate Adelaide: "alas! I see my husband only, and he leaves me. My eyes drowned in tears,—in vain to-morrow will they seek him."—On a sudden she changed her tone, and seemed armed with unexpected firmness: "Raymond," she continued, "I submit to that God who commands—enter the scenes of glory that invite you. Go—fight for your country, for heaven, for that heaven which will behold my days consumed in grief. Promise me only, my dearest husband, to hasten your return when your duty is fulfilled. Here is a poor token of my love. This bracelet in which my hair is woven—let me fix it to your arm. It is wetted by my tears—it will remind you of your Adelaide."—"Ah! my adorable wife," exclaimed Raymond, "can you imagine that you will be absent one moment from my heart!—Oh! that some talisman, attentive to my wishes, might communicate to you the kisses that I shall lavish on this blessed gift of the most tender, the most beautiful affection!—Adelaide,

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no love is comparable to ours. All the treasures of Asia are less valuable than this present. I will preserve it through every peril of war. You, my supreme mistress, soul of my life, receive in return this ring with our two names in cypher. Let it never be from your finger. Look ever at it, and say, '*Thus, our two hearts are bound by ties, that death itself can never break.*'"

Louis passed the Rhine at Worms, and took the route of Austria. The Lord of Crequi attracted every eye. In the flower of his youth, he possessed those winning manners, that indescribable air, which inspires all who behold it, with a happy predilection. The king embraced him in the presence of the whole court, girded him with his own sword, and honoured him with many conferences. The count de Dreux, the king's brother, and the lord of Conflans, a knight distinguished by many valorous deeds, became the intimate friends of the young Banneret. Louis arrived at Constantinople in the beginning of October, 1147. Proceeding on his march, he encamped, at length, on the banks of the Meander, which, in a vast variety of windings, waters one of the finest countries in Asia. The Turks were posted on eminences on each side of the river, and formed a double body, ready to fall on the Christian army, whatever position they might take. Louis, however, adopted the resolution of com-

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bating at once the Meander and the Turks. Having given his orders, he took the command of the rear. The lord of Crequi rushed into the river. Many other chevaliers impetuously followed his example; and, soon reaching the opposite shore, fell upon "*the Infidels*" with irresistible fury. Victory soon declared for the crusaders, who pursued the enemy to their inaccessible fastnesses in the mountains. The king, on the field of battle, took his bloody scarf, and presented it to the lord of Crequi—"Noble sir," said he, "receive this reward of your valorous deeds." Crequi, taking the scarf with eagerness, and kissing it, shed some tears, extorted by the grateful excess of sensibility. The French abandoned themselves to the intoxication of triumph. The bravery of the lord of Crequi was the general theme of admiration; and, while their natural character burst forth in a thousand sallies of gayety, Raymond himself was far from concealing the transports which followed the splendid days of conquest.

In the midst of the rejoicings for the battle of the Meander, the Lord of Crequi received letters from Gerard and from his wife, informing him that he was a father. He communicated the welcome news to his brothers, his esquires, and friends. The king himself joined in the congratulations of the whole camp. Louis, after the battle, continued

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his march towards Antioch, the first place in Palestine under the dominion of the Christians; and every thing seemed to promise the most rapid success. The error of a single man, however, totally changed the aspect of affairs.

According to the custom of those times, the French army was divided into two bodies; one composing the van, and the other the rear; and every day two Bannerets, according to seniority, had the honour of comanding them. In the council, held in the evening, it was ordered that the next day the van should encamp on the summit of a steep mountain, in order to command the defiles, and that it should there wait for the rest of the army, which was next to descend into the plain, and to form there in order of battle. The command of the van had devolved for that day on Jeffery de Rançon, a knight of Poictou, who was highly esteemed in the army. The king, who could not bear to be distinguished from his barons but by seeking the most imminent dangers, remained in the rear as the most exposed to the attacks of the enemy. Jeffery, having gained the heights, contemplated under his feet a most delightful valley. He instantly resolved to hasten his march, and take possession of this enchanting plain. The count de Morienne and the other superior officers consented to his plan with the same spirit of im-

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prudence with which it had been conceived; and forgetting all the rules of military discipline, they quitted their important post, and descended into the plain. Jeffery was now too late convinced of his folly and presumption. He saw the Turks possess themselves, with inconceivable rapidity, of all the heights that commanded the passages and defiles.

With what surprise was the king struck, when he saw the Turks, who, from the heights that Jeffery had quitted, showered arrows, stones, and death upon his troops!—The first line was soon disordered; the second as speedily broken. The fugitive soldiers, distracted with terror, and surrounded on all sides, rushed on the swords of "*the Infidels.*" The brave chevaliers, animated by the example of their master, formed around him, as a kind of rampart, resolute to die in his defence. The battle was renewed near the king with indescribable fury. Louis, all covered with blood, was only anxious to sell his life at the dearest rate.—Forty of the principal lords that accompanied him, soon lay breathless on the ground. The Lord of Crequi, who had been separated from the troop, which as a knight Banneret he commanded, withstood singly, except with his brothers Roger and Godfrey, the impetuosity of the Turks, and with his buckler warded off the blows levelled at the king. The

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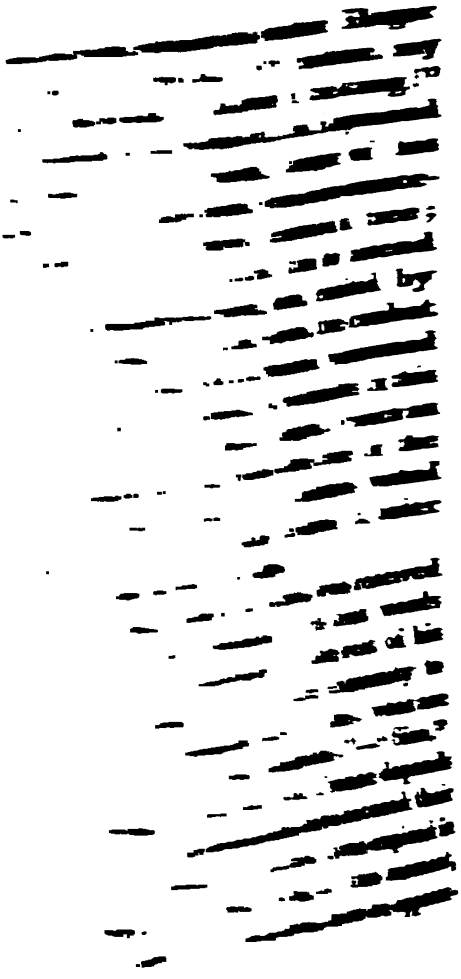

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ed with fatigue. Take a little repose; I engage myself to watch over you." He then spread his mantle on the ground, and preserving in the midst of danger, the national gayety of character—"It must be confessed," said he, "that this is a strange bed indeed for a king of France!"—"Ah! Crequi," returned Louis, "what are kings but men, subject to the vicissitudes of life? Do you talk to me of repose when I know not the fate of my friends? Crequi, I have cost you two brothers?" "Sire," answered the brave Banneret, "they are indebted to you for an immortal glory.—It is not the time now to give my tears to them.—I should envy their end, if I did not hope to be of some use to you. While *you* live, sire, we are not defeated."

A sudden noise was now heard; it increased; the chevalier listened attentively, and was the first that heard the many voices exclaiming, "It is he; it is the king; let him not escape." Crequi, instantly comprehending that they sought to secure the person of his master, inspired by a noble sublimity of soul, was intent alone on saving him, and, rushing on these new assailants, cried aloud, "Know from his prowess, the king of France." Recovering his strength, he attacked them on all sides. Many Mahometans were killed and wounded. Louis, unwilling to yield in generosity to

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Crequi, ran to "the Infidels." "Believe not," said he, "this worthy chevalier; I—I am the king." The Turks had no doubt that he would deceive them. Intent on the capture of Crequi only, they seized him, after having covered him with many wounds; and, perceiving a French regiment hastening towards them, they retired precipitately with their prize. Crequi also perceived this regiment: "O, my God!" said he, "let me now die; I am content; I have saved the liberty, and perhaps the life of my king."

They conducted the chevalier to the tent of one of the principal Turkish officers. A thousand shouts of joy proclaimed that they had captured the king of France. But what was the surprise of the Mahometan commander (to whom the monarch was personally known) when they presented Crequi to him for the sovereign he expected! "My friends," said he, "this is not the emperor of the Franks!" Crequi suddenly interrupted him, saying, "It is true that your captive is not the king of France, but one of his most faithful lords."—"You have then degraded yourself by a falsehood," returned the Mahometan.—"We had been taught to believe that the Christians valued themselves on their honour."—"Insolent barbarian!" returned the intrepid Banneret, "do you forget that I am disarmed? But I have fulfilled

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my duty: I am satisfied: the king is safe; and you may dispose of me as you please." The furious Mahometans, irritated by disappointment, rushed upon Crequi, and gave him many wounds. "It is not the king. It is not the king that you sacrifice to your rage," exclaimed the expiring chevalier, "I forgive you my death." They now dragged him from the tent, and threw him on a heap of mangled bodies, which they were preparing to strip.

A French regiment had indeed marched to the assistance of their sovereign; his chaplain, Eudes, having directed them to the spot where they might find him. The noble action of Crequi, and his unfortunate fate, had made such an impression on Louis, that he could think of nothing else. He commanded his deliverers to go instantly to rescue this faithful subject from the hands of the Turks, and bade them offer for his ransom whatever the most insatiable avarice might demand. All the soldiers answered with one voice, that, on any other occasion, they would not dispute the honour of obeying their master, but, that in the present emergency, the salvation of France was at stake, and was too essentially connected with the safety of their prince; but they could not restore him too soon to the army which believed him to be among the victims of that fatal day; and that, in the mean

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time, every thing was to be dreaded from the enemy, who might yet return in greater force. They added, that, as soon as his majesty was in a place of safety, they would exert every effort in favour of his generous defender.

We left the lord of Crequi among the number of the dead. Some soldiers, intent on plunder, discovered the chevalier on the heap of bodies. The richness of his armour excited their avarice, and disputing this superior prize, they already began to strip him. A deep sigh escaped the chevalier. One of the Turkish warriors, influenced by the hope of a considerable ransom, left his companions to tear whatever they could from Crequi, and reserved to himself the corpse only, with a view of endeavouring to restore it to life. Wrapping it in his robe, he carried it to a village in the vicinity of the camp. Here he employed all the necessary means, and they proved not in vain. Crequi revived. His first motion, before he opened his eyes, was to put his hand to the arm on which he wore the bracelet given him by his adorable Adelaide. He perceived that it was lost. Then eagerly addressing Osmyn (for this was the name of the Turk to whom he was now become a slave,) "Where is it? Where is this present of my dear Adelaide? Let them keep the gold, the diamonds, whatever I possessed.—I regret only, I demand

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again only a bracelet of hair. It is every thing to me. Put whatever price you please upon my liberty; demand all I have in the world,—but this bracelet—if it be torn from me—I abandon myself to despair." In pronouncing these words, he sunk into the most affecting agony of grief. Osmyn gave him his hand to kiss, which, among the Turks, is a kind of sacred engagement, that he might consider his life as safe. He promised, moreover, to do every thing in his power to recover the bracelet, which, if successful, should be faithfully restored to him. The Turk appeared some hours after, and delivered to his slave the inestimable bracelet. Crequi, at the sight of it, seemed to have received a new existence. He snatched it to his bosom, and thus addressed his master: "Ah! do I possess it again? Never, never more will I part with it but with my life." He then inquired after the king, and deplored the dreadful disasters of his countrymen. When he was somewhat recovered, he was conveyed by Osmyn into the heart of Syria, and entrusted with the care of his flocks.

Louis, restored to his army, was received by his brave soldiers like a tutelar saint. In the joy of seeing their sovereign alive, they seemed to have forgotten the calamities which each in particular sustained. The king related to his barons, with

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many effusions of admiration and gratitude, the sublime act of generosity, which had rendered Crequi so dear to him. Envoys were on the point of being sent to demand him in the name of Louis; and they had orders to consent to any price that might be required for his ransom. A soldier, who had escaped from the fury of the Turks, now regained the camp, and reported that Crequi, the victim of his affection for his master, had fallen, covered with wounds, on a heap of the slain. He added that he himself had been a witness of the scene. This report reached the ears of Louis, who gave proofs of grateful sensibility. He commanded that the funeral ceremonies, consecrated by religion, should be freely lavished to the memory of a man so worthy of the highest honours; and he vowed to heap favours on his family and his posterity.

We shall not follow Louis through the remaining operations of this unfortunate Crusade. It will be sufficient to observe, that after the unsuccessful siege of Damascus, he returned to his own kingdom, deploring the loss of his army, the treachery of his allies, and the infidelity of his wife. The intrigues of Eleanor, at Antioch, with her paternal uncle, and with a beautiful young Turk, obliged her husband to divorce her, on his return to France. She afterwards married Henry II. of England, by which Guienne and Poictou were lost to Louis.

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The old Lord of Crequi, surrounded by the neighbouring gentlemen and vassals, was celebrating the birth day of a favourite son when the dreadful news of the defeat of the French forces, on a sudden sounded in his ears like a clap of thunder. The cup dropped from his hands. "And my sons—Raymond"—said he eagerly. The bearer of the sad tidings answered, that the greatest part of the chevaliers that accompanied the king, were slain, but of the fate of his sons they were uncertain.—"Ah! Raymond is no more," were the only words that Gerard had strength to utter. They would fain have quieted the apprehensions of the good old knight. They presented to his imagination the illusive pictures of hope. They had no assurance whatever, they said, that his sons were among the victims of that fatal day. Their soothing consolations were not wholly unsuccessful. Gerard revived: and there were even moments when he entertained more consoling ideas.

Adelaide had no other consolation than incessantly to contemplate the young Raymond, and in his infant face to view the dear resemblance of her husband. How would she renew her sorrow and her consolation by turns, in the view of this distressing, pleasing object: the tears, at times, streaming down her beauteous cheeks, and checked as

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often by the sweet sensations of maternal love! Every time that she saw Gerard, she demanded news of her husband, and she endeavoured to seek in the eyes of the old man a more immediate answer. She perceived that he was consumed by a sorrow that he endeavoured to conceal: "My father," said she, "would you keep any secret from your daughter? I see no longer the same serenity in your face. You tell me no more of the victories we have gained. When I inquire after the crusaders—after Raymond, you appear distressed. Has there been any battle since the passage of the Meander? Tell me, I beseech you—your son—my husband—you weep—you would conceal your tears." "Oh, Adelaide! Adelaide! what would you ask?" replied the old man in agony. "Go, I have all your weakness," added he, bursting into tears,—"You weep!" said the countess, "why do you conceal it? I have lost my husband!"—"No, my daughter, my dear daughter," said Gerard, in a soothing tone, "I am not assured of that; but God has withdrawn his protecting arm; the Christians have been defeated, and the greatest part of our chevaliers are slain."—"And Raymond?" exclaimed Adelaide.—"They are not able to inform me any thing of him, or of my other sons;" replied the afflicted father.—"Ah! my father, all—all is over?" faintly articulated the

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wo-begone countess. "Now—now," said she, raising her eyes to heaven, "I have only to die." The unfortunate Adelaide would receive no consolation. Gerard endeavoured in vain to give her hopes, which he had the greatest difficulty himself not to reject. They sometimes cherished those flattering illusions which painted Raymond still living, and returning to their arms. But hope, at length, for ever flew from Adelaide and her father.

In the mean time, the lord of Crequi had offered two hundred bezants of gold for his liberty. Osmyn consenting to the terms, a slave was despatched with letters from the chevalier to his wife and father, in which he demanded the sum. During this suspense, he found that exquisite consolation in slavery, which consisted in being incessantly present, in idea, with the dear objects of his love. There was something wild in the scenes around him, that seemed to suit his present situation. A thousand times would he repeat the name of Adelaide; often would he cut the adorable name on the trees, or trace it on the sand; and when the winds swept it from the varying plain, he would trace it again and again, exclaiming, "My dearest Adelaide! never can they efface it from my heart."

His father, his infant too, occupied his tenderest thoughts; and often to the solemn tones of an Arabian instrument, he would sing some plaintive

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verses which flowed from his heart in the most affecting effusions. In vain did the chevalier wait for the return of his messenger. A party of Arabs, in ravaging the country, had assassinated the unfortunate slave. To complete his misfortunes, Osmyn sunk under an inveterate disease; and Crequi, after seven years of captivity, became the property of a very different master.

Mehemet (for so was his new master called) was a superstitious, and, in course, a cruel and unrelenting enthusiast. He imagined that the most acceptable way to please the prophet was to exhaust his barbarity on the Christians, whom he considered as an inferior species of men. He gave them no other choice than death, or Mahommedanism; and, although he was extremely avaricious, he preferred the satisfaction of making proselytes to that of amassing riches. He had an only son, named Abdallah, of a character opposite in every respect to his own. The mother of this young man had been a Christian slave, from whom he had received the first rudiments of education, and in whom he had just sustained an irreparable loss. Mehemet kept Abdallah in a kind of servitude, and endeavoured, but without effect, to inspire him with his own fanaticism and ferocity. The youth constantly answered: "No, my father, I cannot believe that Mahomet commands cruelty

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and murder. Never can my heart assent to such precepts. I would fain submit to you; but I cannot suppress that unfortunate sentiment of compassion, that leads me to pity the Christians and their errors, without thirsting for their blood!" Crequi soon found that he had not yet experienced the full rigours of slavery. Under his former master he had enjoyed some kind of liberty. He was permitted to go and weep in the silent recesses of the forest, and to utter his griefs to the inanimate objects around him. He was now employed in the most severe and degrading labour. This, and the wretched diet to which he was reduced, might still have been supportable; but to his other ill-treatment, Mehemet added the indignity of blows, and at last ordered Crequi to be thrown into the dungeon of a tower because he refused to renounce his religion, and become a Mussulman.

Adelaide, in the mean time, suffered hardly less than her unfortunate husband. The grief of Gerard was perhaps equally severe. He endeavoured to conceal it in the presence of Adelaide; but, when he found himself alone, he yielded to the most lively effusions of sorrow. Depressed by the infirmities of extreme old age, he was now almost incapable of walking, and his feeble eyes could scarcely discern a single object. Baldwin de Crequi, the nephew of the old Banneret, was devoid of

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those noble sentiments, in which his family prided themselves still more than in their honourable descent. Devoured by a sordid avarice that degraded his high birth, he had long since enjoyed, in idea, the rich inheritance of his uncle. Founding his pretensions on the infirmities of an old man, and the inexperience of a weak woman, he assumed the character of guardian over the young Raymond. Under the sanction of this commanding title, he hastened to the castle, followed by a number of armed men and vassals, and there established the seat of his tyranny. The first who experienced his injustice and violence, were the old Banneret and his daughter-in-law. The former was left, without pity, to the care of the domestics. Adelaide alone would wipe away the tears that trickled from his aged eyes; but they could not see each other so often as they wished; so that many times the poor worn-out old man had no other society than that of a faithful dog named Gorfault, which Raymond had loved from his infancy, and which he had recommended, at parting, to his wife and father. This animal never quitted Gerard night nor day. He licked his feet and hands, appeared ever ready to defend him, and showed the most affecting signs of sensibility.

The tyrannical proceedings of Baldwin reduced Adelaide almost to a state of desperation. She

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sent an account of her wretched situation to her father, Mahault, Lord of Craon. He instantly repaired from the family mansion in Brittany, to the castle of his daughter. He found her labouring under the severest oppressions of grief and languor. He would fain have revived her by his paternal consolation; but he himself soon experienced the cruel insults of Baldwin. Enraged at this unworthy treatment, he pressed his daughter to follow him with her son into her own province. "What, my father!" said she, "shall I leave these dear scenes where my Raymond lived, which have witnessed our happiness, and which still picture to my poor heart all that I loved—all that I love more than ever? Shall I abandon a good old man, my husband's father, to the cruelty of a relation so little worthy of his name? No, my Lord. Here I married Crequi; here I will die; I will watch over the last moments of the unhappy Gerard; and my grave shall be near his."

The tyrant no longer kept any measures with Gerard and his daughter. He threw off the mask, and would have driven them both, as well as the young Raymond, from the estate he had determined to usurp. He set up claims that were founded in injustice, and proceeded by corrupting some ungrateful servants. In the times of feudal anarchy, the strong ever triumphed over the weak. Arms

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and violence were the only code with every little despot; and the claims of right were established by the sword alone. Alarmed at the inevitable danger of his daughter, and convinced that nothing could induce her to quit that country, Mahault resolved another plan in his mind, and again hastened to Adelaide, whom he found weeping over her child. "My daughter," said he, "you are then determined never to return to Britanny? This dear infant—alas! I tremble for his fate! I cannot conceal it from you. Inhumanity and avarice know no bounds. Baldwin is capable of every crime.—To disappoint his dreadful designs, I am come to propose to you—Raymond,—Raymond himself, could he rise from the grave, would give you the same advice—my dear Adelaide, you have no other part to choose." "Explain yourself, my Lord," said Adelaide; "I cannot understand you." "Raymond was once thy protector," answered the Lord of Craon; "but, now, another marriage"—"Oh! say no more!" exclaimed the Countess. "Great God! shall I enter into new vows—betraying my fidelity to all that was dear to me! No, my father, let me die the mistress of my hand, of this heart—it is not mine, my father—Crequi has borne it with him to the grave—Crequi must reign in it till our souls meet in heaven."—The Lord of Craon took the young Crequi in his arms:—"Ah!"

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said he, "see this dear victim, whom you sacrifice when you persist in your refusal! Look at him; he implores your pity."—"Oh! my Lord," returned Adelaide, "what would you require?"—"That you would permit me to undertake the protection of yourself and your son," exclaimed a man, who suddenly threw himself at the feet of Adelaide, who, motionless with astonishment, recollected the Lord of Renti under the disguise of a domestic. He was a Banneret, of noble extraction, and enjoyed a considerable estate. He was likewise allied to the house of Crequi, and had conceived the most violent passion for Adelaide before her marriage with Raymond. A mother-in-law, who kept him in subjection, had opposed his alliance with the daughter of Mahault. He still, however, retained his passion for that charming woman, and would never listen to any other engagement. His lands bordered on those of Gerard.

Craon having seen him unknown to his daughter, had prepared this kind of surprise. Renti was introduced in disguise, that he might not excite the distrust of Baldwin, who was preparing to seize the castle. He addressed her in the following words:—"Do not behold in me, Madam, an unfortunate lover, who has been ever faithful to you. Banish this idea, since it offends you. My intention is to preserve for you the same inviolable re-

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spect as for virtue herself. It is a *friend*, an avenger that I offer you. But I cannot declare myself; I cannot resist the secret intrigues, and open violence of an usurper but by the title and authority of a husband. A troop of gentlemen, who were impatient to serve you, wait only for that moment. From the foot of the altar I will hasten to Baldwin. I am ready to measure swords with him if he presume one moment to dispute your rights. I will be the father of your son—he shall be mine."

Adelaide, weeping, and turning to the lord of Craon, exclaimed, "Is it thus that you would soothe my griefs?"—"I will do more," continued Renti; "here I swear at your feet, and call heaven and your father to witness it, that you shall experience how much I am actuated by real love. I will combat the most ardent passion—you will find it the most pure and delicate. I will not insist on the power that marriage will give me. It is *to your friend, your most disinterested friend*, that you will give your hand. I will wait till my constancy triumph over your indifference; and if I cannot finally vanquish it, I shall at least enjoy the satisfaction of having been useful to you, and of having secured your happiness and your son's." "My lord," replied Adelaide, "you can only have my gratitude and esteem: they are sincerely yours. But my love—can I love any other than Crequi?

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See this ring that binds me to him while I breathe; see our two names interwoven here; and can another name."—"Madam," interrupted Renti, "were any other than a husband permitted to reclaim your rights, I would not ask to lead you to the altar; and it should be only by dint of repeated services, and unceasing assiduities—after every possible proof that you could require, that I would dare to solicit the name of your husband. But without this title I have no power; my protection would be even injurious to you;—reflections would be cast on your reputation;—and the honour of Adelaide is dearer to me than my own."

The lord of Craon, who had retired for some moments, now returned, followed by the venerable Gerard, carried by his servants in a chair. The old man joined his most urgent entreaties to those of Mahault and the generous Renti. Adelaide, in a state little short of distraction, could only beseech them to leave her to herself for a few days, that she might have sufficient leisure to contemplate all the horror of the situation to which they were about to reduce her.

In the mean time, Raymond continued inflexible under all the tortures that Mehemet could inflict. One day two soldiers entered the tower, and dragged him before the Turk, whose severe and sullen aspect, seemed to announce some dreadful catas-

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trophe :—" Vile slave," said he, " till this moment I have forborne to obey the voice of my religion. It commands thy instant death, unless thou acknowledgest the mission of our holy prophet. Declare only, in the presence of our faithful Mussulmans and our priests, that thou desirest to renounce thy errors, and to be instructed in the mysteries of our faith. If thy understanding be not convinced, nor thy heart affected yet, make this confession, nevertheless, with thy mouth, and we shall be satisfied, till thy mind be more enlightened. Thy liberty shall then be restored; thou shalt again see thy country, thy family, and the wife that is so dear to thee." Crequi, casting an indignant look at the barbarian, answered him not; but, addressing himself to those who had conducted him thither, " Let them plunge me again," said he, " into my prison." "Arrogant Christian," exclaimed Mehemet, " is this thy answer?" " What other couldst thou expect?" retorted Raymond. " Certainly, my bliss would be supreme, could I once more behold my native country, my relations; my father, if he be yet alive; at least I should weep over his tomb; fold my child to my arms; and embrace that angel-wife, a single smile from whom would efface all recollection of my sufferings. But my religion, my God—Mehemet, where are thy executioners? Command them

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hither." "Obstinate infidel!" exclaimed the enraged Turk, "thy executioners are ready. They shall soon wreak my just fury on thy head. Thy members shall be torn; in every tender part thou shalt feel a death." "Tyrant," replied Raymond, "I wait thy tortures." "Slaves," said the Mussulman, in a voice of thunder, "take the wretch back to his prison, and this night, this very night, let the ministers of my vengeance obey my will." The obedient mutes re-conducted the chevalier to his dungeon; the iron doors were shut with a doleful noise; and he had nothing now in view but the horrible death which was preparing for him.

The unfortunate Crequi, overwhelmed with the horrors of his situation, and exhausted by misery, sunk sleeping on his chains. In about three hours, the day hardly yet appearing, he awoke. A distant sound as of footsteps broke on his ear. "My blood freezes!" said he; "he is coming this instant —why do I thus tremble? Oh! my God, give me strength to bear my dreadful fate." The noise increasing, he exclaimed, "All, all is over! Adieu to every hope—my dearest Adelaide, I never more shall see thee!" A man, followed by another, now entered and approached Crequi.— "Christian," said he, "banish every fear—dost thou not know me?" "Oh, yes!" replied the

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wretched victim, "the young Abdallah, son of the cruel."—"He is my father, Christian," said the young Mussulman: "I am not come to hear thee condemn his conduct. The severity he has shown towards thee, he believes to be commanded by his religion, to which perhaps I am at this moment a rebel. But while my heart revolts at the idea of thy sufferings, my eyes are shut, dazzled by the splendour of our holy prophet. I have seen thee often, and every time thou hast filled me with compassion for thee. Here, take these twenty bezants of gold. It is all I have. This faithful slave will conduct thee to the entrance of a wood, that will favour thy flight. When thou leavest the forest, thou wilt find a port where thou mayest embark. Adieu; time presses." Then turning to the slave, he added, "Take off his fetters."

Expression can give no idea of this unexpected revolution in the fate and mind of Crequi. He threw himself at the knees of Abdallah, embraced them and wept profusely: "O, my deliverer!" he exclaimed, "next to God, next to Adelaide, thou wilt be the dearest to my heart. But generous soul, if thy father in his fury"—"Fear not for me, Christian," said the generous youth, "I am his only son, and although I should receive some ill-treatment on this account, is it to be regarded in comparison with the exquisite pleasure I now

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enjoy? No; I can never comprehend that heaven can command inhumanity, when it is so delightful thus to attend to the dictates of nature!" Crequi, his heart full of gratitude and admiration, now left his dungeon; the slave conducted him into the forest, and returned to his amiable master.

The next day Mehemet was informed of the flight of Crequi. In a transport of rage, he would instantly have put to death all his servants, whom he suspected of having favoured the escape of the chevalier. Abdallah threw himself at the feet of this inexorable man, and confessed himself to be the only object of his wrath. Mehemet, in the first transports of his fury, heard not his son, and lifted the dagger over him. But in a moment nature prevailed; superstition yielded to paternal tenderness, and the enraged Turk was content to give orders for the immediate pursuit of Crequi. Abdallah, who had foreseen this pursuit, had taken care to render it ineffectual, by concealing the real route of the chevalier.

Crequi, by this time, had advanced far into the deep recesses of the wood. The moment he found himself in solitary safety, he prostrated himself on the earth, returning thanks to the supreme Being, whose protection he had so visibly experienced. He made a secret vow withall; for in these first emotions of gratitude, there was mingled perhaps

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the desire of knowing whether he was still dear to his wife and family: he vowed to heaven not to appear before them but in the disguise of poverty. Nor was this difficult to accomplish: a long beard descending to his breast, the inclemency of the weather, and his emaciated appearance, after a cruel captivity of more than ten years, had indeed altered him to such a degree, as to render it nearly impossible to know him. Arriving at the port which the good Abdallah had mentioned to him, the chevalier went on board a Venetian vessel, which conveyed him to Italy; part of his route he next pursued by land; and embarking in another vessel, was shipwrecked on the English channel. He betook himself with some passengers to the boat, which was, however, in a few moments swallowed up by the waves.

In the moment that Crequi offered his last sigh to heaven, he was driven towards a strange coast. He gained the shore; and, taking the first path that appeared, he entered a forest, not knowing whither he went. Perceiving a wood-cleaver, he hastened towards him. The peasant, terrified at the aspect of the Chevalier, who appeared more like a spectre than a human being, was about to fly. Crequi called to him in the Saracen language:—"My friend, for the love of God, tell me my way." The terror of the wood-cleaver increased, on hearing

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this strange tongue: "Let me alone," said he, in the French language, "whoever you are: I do not understand you." The Lord of Crequi, transported to find himself in a country where they spoke his native tongue, instantly replied in the same language: "Fear nothing, my friend, I am your countryman; I have been shipwrecked on this coast. Tell me, tell me, I pray you, what country is this?" "What!" returned the wood-cleaver, who had now recovered from his fright, "pretend to be my countryman, and not know where you are! You must be a stranger indeed, not to recollect the borders of the Boulonnois!"—"The borders of the Boulonnois!" exclaimed Raymond. "Yes," said the peasant, "and this is the forest of Crequi."—The chevalier instantly prostrated himself on the ground, and kissing it with transport, exclaimed, "O my God, thou hast restored me to my country! I am near places where—(he turned to the peasant.)—Did you say, the forest of Crequi?—Adelaide—Gerard—the young Raymond—ah! speak, my friend, speak, explain to me—."

The wood cleaver, at these effusions of a soul no longer master of itself, questioned not but that he was conversing with a madman:—"I cannot answer so many questions at once," replied he; "I tell you this is the forest of Crequi: you see how wild and uncultivated it is: every thing seems to

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feel the loss of the best of masters. Alas! how much have we wept for him!—we weep for him still."—"You lament his loss?" said Raymond.—"Certainly," answered the peasant; "we can never too much regret it; he made an unfortunate voyage beyond sea; he was killed, in fighting with our good king, against the vile Saracens."—"And," interrupted the chevalier, with a trembling voice, "his wife?"—"His wife," replied the man, "is inconsolable."—"Indeed, my friend," interrupted Raymond, "and really do you think she will never forget—that she will never cease to love the lord of Crequi?"—"Never!" said the wood-cleaver;—"there can be no reason to think she can change so easily; I dare wager she will always love her husband in her heart; but our good old master had a monster of a nephew, who will not allow us a moment's peace; he has seized the castle, and our lady is obliged—perhaps, at this moment, the ceremony is over."—"What ceremony?" exclaimed Raymond. "Explain yourself."—"She is married," returned the peasant.—"Married!—Adelaide married," faintly articulated the chevalier, and could speak no more. He fell, as if thunderstruck, at the foot of a tree. The villager, moved with compassion, ran to assist him:—"Yes, married," said he,—"and, if you please, what concern have you in this marriage?"—"What concern, my

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friend! ah!" replied the agitated Raymond, "if you knew—one favour I request—I am dying—I have not strength to go farther. Go, after my death, to the lady, and tell her to repair to this forest—let her take care of my interment—Adelaide! O my God! Adelaide!—and was this the last and dreadful stroke reserved for me!"—"I cannot tell positively that it *is* so," said the astonished peasant, in a soothing tone: "all I know is that she *was* to be married to-day to the lord of Renti, a relation, and one of the best friends of our good lord. Perhaps he will restore peace to us all. The marriage, I am told, was necessary, and will prevent the inheritance of our young master from being usurped by his cousin Baldwin."—"I said I would die here," exclaimed Raymond, recovering his energy and starting on his feet; "no, bear me to the castle, and let me there breath my last. You seem to love the memory of Crequi—although I appear so wretched, he had some friendship for me."—"Friendship for you!" returned the peasant.—"My friend," replied the lord of Crequi, "poverty must not be despised. Treasures are found in lands that appear the most barren." "I do not despise the poor," returned the wood-cleaver; "I am poor enough myself, especially since the great loss we have sustained—but what would you wish me to do for you?"—

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"By the remembrance of Crequi," said Raymond, "who loved you all—I conjure you to assist me in going to the castle. I must absolutely see your lady, and—I will die in her presence." "But you rather presume too much," said the peasant, "to think, at such a time, of disturbing their festivity—they will not suffer you to enter."—"Let us walk on, however," interrupted Raymond, "I am so weak—be kind enough to lead me—tell me I entreat you—the father of Crequi—does he live?" "I know not whether it may be called living," replied the wood-cleaver. "The worthy chevalier—alas! he dies more of grief than of old age. He has never forgotten his son Raymond. He is constantly talking of him."

They now approached the castle; they discovered a multitude of people; and the chevalier, meeting a boy, eagerly asked him—"Is she married?"—"Not yet," said the boy; "but she is preparing to go to the church."—"She may be spoken to?"—returned Raymond, eagerly; "I may see her?—lead me," he continued, addressing himself to the wood-cleaver; "let me be presented to her." "What assurance!" interrupted the lad: "you have a strange notion in your head; good man, you cannot speak to our lady to-day: you have taken a very improper time." Crequi heeded not these words, but continued to press the villager to

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lead him to the castle, and to endeavour to obtain leave for him to speak to the lady. The account he had heard was but too well confirmed. Adelaide, overcome by the persuasions, the commands and the entreaties of her father and Gerard—her face bathed in tears, and fainting, or rather dying in the arms of her female attendants, was now slowly moving towards the church. But although her tongue had consented to the dreadful sacrifice, her heart, still full of Crequi, detested this new engagement. The young Raymond followed her at some distance. Further behind appeared the old Banneret, carried in a chair, and weeping like his daughter-in-law. Next the lord of Renti, surrounded by his vassals, and glorying in the union he wasgoing to form.

What a sight for Crequi! Yet he had the firmness to retain all the powers of his soul. Wherever he turned his eyes, a thousand objects recalled his youthful scenes, the days of happiness and love. He perceived Adelaide, adorned for the day, and, more beautiful than ever, but sinking under the deepest affliction. At this sight, a sudden trembling seized him in every part, and his whole soul was springing, as it were, towards his Adelaide. The wood-cleaver, who now observed all his emotions, could not conceive the cause of this violent agitation.—"There she is, there she is!" exclaimed the

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chevalier: "let me speak to her—tell her that a stranger just returned from Palestine has something—something of importance to communicate—run, run!"—The peasant, his guide, hastened to the sentinels that guarded the entrance of the bridge:—"Here is a man," said he to them,—"some sailor, I believe, escaped from shipwreck, who must absolutely speak to our lady." The sentinels repulsed the villager with contempt. Crequi waited not for an answer, but ran to the soldiers, repeating the same request:—"What would this poor wretch have?" returned they. "He has chosen a proper day, truly, to be presented to our mistress!"—Crequi persisted.—"After the ceremony," said they, "we will see whether we can procure you this honour."—"*After!*" exclaimed the chevalier, in a rage. He said no more, but would have forced his way. Attempting to repulse him, they saw with astonishment a dog, tottering with old age, eagerly creeping along, caress the stanger, and express all the transports of sudden joy. It was *Gorfault!* "How is this?" said they: "surely this man is not a stranger here." Raymond, who could not contain himself at this affecting proof of fondness in the dog he loved, caressed him in return; nor could he refrain from murmuring these words: "Ah! my poor Gorfault! you—you only are faithful to me!"

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The tumult increased. Adelaide demanded the cause of it. They answered that a man just arrived from the holy land desired permission to speak to her: from his appearance he seemed to be some poor creature, who would implore her charity.—Adelaide heard only the first words: "He comes from the holy land?" said she. "Ah! perhaps he knew Crequi—let me see him, let me see him!" The soldiers were now the first to make way for Crequi. The moment he approached near to his Adelaide, and that he saw her adorned for the approaching festival, a thousand emotions possessed his soul; his eyes were swimming with tears; his knees bent under him; and he was ready to faint. "Stranger," said Adelaide, with a voice of mingled grief and sweetness that pierced his very soul, "you have been in Palestine? Certainly, certainly, you had some knowledge of my husband—what dreadful fate has snatched him from me—speak—tell me." "Yes, Madam," answered the chevalier, with a faltering voice, "I knew the lord of Crequi." "You knew him?" interrupted Adelaide. "Tell me, tell me then, every particular—you saw him die?" "Madam," replied the stranger, in an agitated tone, "the lord of Crequi fell upon the field of glory, after having saved his sovereign's life. He fell, Madam, adoring you, whom he never ceased to love, and you, pardon

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me—is this what Crequi could have thought? you are going."—"Ah!" returned the afflicted Adelaide, "it is plain you know not what has happened in this castle; you know not what passes in my poor distracted heart; I am going—I am going to die at the altar." "What! if Crequi had not died?" suddenly interrupted the stranger. "O, heavens!" exclaimed Adelaide in an enthusiastic, but mournful tone, "why cannot he rise from his grave? I would fly into his arms; he should know, he should see that never was love like mine, never was woman so wretched. I tell you again, this day will be witness of my death, the end of all my woes—no, I will never complete this hateful union—my adored Crequi shall have my faith—my whole soul—my life! Stranger, what ails you?—You tremble, you weep." "You still love him then," said the stranger, his voice choking, and his heart beating high with mingled sensations of joy, love and gratitude, "that husband who adored—who adores you?" "Who *adores* me!" exclaimed Adelaide; "what is it I hear? Is he not among the number of the dead? Can he be living?" "Yes," replied the stranger, "he lives!" "He lives!" exclaimed the astonished Adelaide; "ah! where is he, where is he? Let me see him, let me run to him, let me die in his arms; where, where is my dearest Raymond?" "At your feet, my

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dear Adelaide," exclaimed the chevalier, overcome by excess of joy, and shedding a flood of tears, "at your feet—my misfortunes, my love, the horror of sufferings far from your presence, have disguised my features; but recollect Crequi, your faithful lover, by the unspeakable tenderness of his heart—by this token of your love." He showed her the bracelet. "And you," continued he, "have you preserved the ring?" Adelaide had just strength to present her hand to her husband, and to show him the ring which she had always worn. Raymond covered it with kisses and tears of joy. Adelaide, almost fainting, supported by her female attendants, recovering her senses, exclaimed: "It is, it is my dear Crequi!" and instantly rushed into his arms. The young Raymond, astonished at this scene, ran to his mother: "My son," exclaimed the joyful mother, "behold your father, your lord." "My child!" said Raymond, weeping, "Is it my son I see, that I thus press to my heart?"

How indescribable was now the situation of Crequi and Adelaide! Each was lost in the extasies of joy; they wept and wept again, and each exclaimed, "It is you, my dear Adelaide!" "My dear Crequi, I have found you again; we shall still live for each other." A thousand times they repeated these endearing words; then sunk into that expressive silence which is the language of the heart.

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All their sufferings were now forgotten. Their joy, their felicity, resembled celestial rapture. The joy was universal. All were eager to see again the long-lost Crequi; they crowded around him; they kissed his hands; they embraced his knees: "It is our good master, it is our good master!" exclaimed the whole multitude. These acclamations were heard by Gerard. "What is this that I hear?" said the old man; "my son, my Raymond?" "Yes, my lord," was the joyful answer, "your son himself; he is not dead." The old man forgot his age and infirmities, sprung from his seat, and proceeded some steps: "Is it possible, is it possible?" exclaimed he; "lead me, lead me to him; I feel, I feel, I shall die with joy." The tears of Raymond were his only answer; he folded to his bosom, by turns, his wife, his child, and his father.

The lord of Renti, whom an unexpected affair had called to another part of the castle, had been struck by the universal acclamations. He ran to the spot; but, under such an appearance of misery, was incapable of recollecting Crequi. In this moment of hesitation, the chevalier addressed him in a tone of sensibility, not without some degree of pleasantry: "Yes," said he, "my dear Renti, I am Crequi. I am so much altered by my sufferings, that you cannot recollect me; but my

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heart is ever the same; and I trust that you will be gallant enough *to leave me my wife.*" Renti, astonished, confused, flew to the arms of Raymond, exclaiming: "It is you! my dear chevalier. Adelaide is too virtuous not to tell you the whole truth; you will be informed that I loved her long before she was your wife, and I shall love her to the last moment of my life. The desire to maintain her rights, and those of your son; of all that was dear to you; to rescue them from the tyranny of a vile usurper, has influenced my conduct no less than love. Once more I appeal to the generosity of Adelaide. I have merited *her* esteem and *yours*. My dear Crequi, I restore her to your arms: I demand no other proofs of gratitude than the sentiments that are due to me. You will both permit me then to continue your most faithful and disinterested friend. My dear Chevalier," he continued, "the feast was ready. It is still *my* happiness we shall celebrate—it is likewise the happiness of Crequi, the dearest and best of friends." The happy husband of Adelaide was penetrated by the magnanimity of his rival: "My lord of Renti," said he, "fear not, on my side, an unworthy jealousy, which is neither made for Adelaide nor or me. In her virtue, and your delicate honour, I have a sufficient security. Next to her husband, I desire that she may regard you with the greatest

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tenderness. Can I yield to you in generosity and friendship?"

Crequi now retired to dress himself in a manner more conformable to his new situation. The banquet was worthy of the occasion. The chevalier, like another Æneas, related his adventures. The whole company felt the different revolutions by which he had been agitated. Some tears were shed, but were soon lost in the transports of universal joy. Baldwin and his partizans had vanished from the castle. Crequi, in the sequel, had so much greatness of mind as to receive his excuses, and to pardon him. All around experienced his benevolence and liberality. The wood-cleaver was nobly rewarded; nor was the faithful dog forgotten. The grateful care of his old master prolonged his life. With regard to the venerable Banneret, the return of his son had excited such a violent emotion, that he did not long survive this unexpected event. He expired in the arms of the chevalier, repeating, "I have now nothing more to live for; God has heard my prayers; I have seen my son again; his hand will close my eyes." Crequi long deplored his death; he founded a monastery to his honour; he likewise repaired and beautified those which had been erected by his ancestors; and had the satisfaction of living to an extreme old age with his dear Adelaide. Their tenderness continued undiminished to the grave.

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THE FORTRESS OF SAGUNTUM.

JOURNEYING, many years ago, through the Eastern provinces of Spain, I lingered in Valencia to survey the ruins at Morviedro, the ancient Saguntum. Early one bright morning, I ascended the mountainous range, on the summit of which the remains of the ancient town are situated, and which, stretching out to the waves of the Mediterranean, separates the valleys of Valencia and Almenara.

I gazed with enthusiastic admiration on the beauties by which I was surrounded—on the perfect picture whose loveliness met my view on every side. Wide to the east expanded the dark waters of the sea, foaming and glistening in the beams of the rising day-God; north and south the valleys glowed in the same life-giving splendour. The newly risen spring was gushing forth in very wantonness; and the fertile olives and the golden foliage of the mulberry trees, clothed the sides of the hills and the beautiful plain of Valencia; beyond which with its light steeples and sun-gilt spires, lay the city itself gleaming in the all-pervading radiance Herbage, abundant and luxuriant, rioted in fulness

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wild flowers sprang up at every step; and the breezes redolent with perfumes, and freshened by the waves over which they were wafted, bore with them a coolness more than delicious; nothing was wanting to the perfect unity of loveliness—the rich natural enchantment of the scene. The songs of innumerable birds saluted the ear, and as the muleteer followed his quadruped companions along the paths that wound around the hills, their jingling bells rang with many a merry peal.

And then with what seeds of reflection, what food for fancy did the spot on which I stood furnish me! The remains of empires, each powerful and splendid in its day of triumph, but now alike faded and vanished, lay crumbling around me. The ancient Fortress mingled in its remains the architecture of nations and times far distant and unlike. The walls that long withstood the power and skill of the Carthaginian, were varied with the barbaric masonry of the Saracen. The strange inscriptions, the horse-shoe arches, and fantastic ornature of the East, were employed to deck the unadorned strength of its former defences. The works of two dynasties had faded away, leaving in their decay one common monument to the might of Time, their common destroyer.

The glorious recollections of chivalry too, haunted, and hovered over the spot. The wild dreams of poetry—of knights and ladies—rich ban-

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quets and gorgeous festivals—the joust and the tournament; schools of romantic honour which lent a polish to the stern and warlike character of the age,—the submission of power to beauty, and strength to weakness;—these, and similar reflections, thronged upon my mind, until fancy almost upreared the perished halls and shattered towers, and peopled the scene with plumed dames and crested warriors, with enthusiastic minstrels and liveried retainers—all the enchanting pomp and circumstance with which we love to array times and localities, whose distance softens their harsher lineaments, as the veil that hides the features of loveliness, whilst it weakens our perception of their imperfections, enhances in imagination the influence of their charms.

"Alas!" the dreamer would say, in his moments of creative musing, "that these things should be no more! That the noble thoughts and lofty aspirations of the children of chivalry should be lost in the cold policy of statesmen, and the mechanic organization of modern warfare. Their love and deep loyalty, courage, and fond devotion; a watchfulness of honour, that knew no stain and brooked no insult,—that hung a living halo, an impelling spirit around the hearts and feelings of men. Then love was purchased with long service, and service was no burthen when love lightened its chains:—

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devoted to two ends only, the candidate for love and fame pursued his way, regardless of consequences, either to win by success the reward of his endeavours, or to perish in the pursuit, attended to the grave by the tears of beauty and the approval of valour."

I determined not to leave this part of the country without paying some further visits to a spot which had laid so forcible a hold upon my feelings. Accordingly I went once, and again. I traced ruins, examined inscriptions, studied arches, and busied myself as much and to as little purpose as a zealous antiquarian who had just added to his name the importance of F. A. S. would have done.

In my researches, I met with an old man who was a more curious, I had almost said, a more antique relic than any I had encountered at Saguntum. Besides his extraordinary physiognomy, the keenness and tenuity of which seemed to me fraught with much meditation, he appeared the most positive and captious old gentleman I had ever met with. In the course of his investigations he had formed divers theories, some of them, it must be admitted, almost as plausible as many which the kindness and generosity of my own countrymen have, at various times, benevolently patronized.—Jerome Casos, for so my ancient friend was entitled, lamented exceedingly his not having lived at the

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time of the Saracens—from his appearance one would have sworn he had—in order that he might have done the state some service by putting in practice a recipe of his own for conversion of the unbelievers to christianity.

What, however, constituted the principal attraction which induced me to seek an acquaintance with this eccentric person, was the fund of traditionary stories he had accumulated relative to the Fortress and its former possessors. To all other relations, historical or topographical, he turned a deaf ear; they were to him foolishness: but when I indulged in any conjecture or observation at all connected with this, his local hobby-horse, his instantaneous attention, the gleaming of his little eyes, and the pricking up of his chin and nose, expressed the interest he took in the subject. One of these stories, in some measure pruned of the redundancies with which he had encumbered it, I have translated from my journal for the amusement of the reader.

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A TRADITION

OF THE

FORTRESS OF SAGUNTUM.

And many a lady there was set,
In purple and in pall,
But fair Christabelle, so woe-begone,
Was the fairest of them all.

Then many a knight was mickle of might
Before his lady gay;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knew,
He won the prize that day.

His acton, it was all of black,
His hawberk and his shield:
No, no man wist whence he did come:
No, no man knew where he had gone,
When he came off the field.

Sir Eauline.

During the early contentions between the native Spaniarsd and their Moorish invaders, (the exact period my informant's chronology was inadequate to supply) the fortress of Saguntum was in possession of a Spanish Grandee, the representative of an ancient and distinguished family. The patrimony which had descended to him, unwasted by the excesses of the succeeding owners, had rather increased than otherwise, and Sebastian de Alzavar found himself consequently, on the death of his father, a man of considerable

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opulence and importance; that is to say, he was owner of the castle of Saguntum, with its domains, and of divers quantities of armour, offensive and defensive, the use of which to define would infallibly turn the brains of a society of antiquaries of the present day. His sway extended over a tolerable range of territory, the cultivation of a small part of which supplied the Hidalgo and his retainers with the means of pasture for their cattle, and some few vegetable productions; and the much larger portion which constituted the remainder of his petty kingdom, (for, in those days, every noble in his own domain was a monarch) lay waste and barren, except where a few wild olives and straggling shrubs benevolently sprang up of their own accord to enliven the scene. A host of ragamuffins, who protected themselves from the weather by steel caps and quilted doublets, strong enough to withstand a smart stroke from a sword, occupied one spacious department of the buildings, and, on condition of killing and being killed whenever their lord thought proper to demand their services, and of amusing themselves in the interim with duck stones and other rational recreations, were allowed to eat, drink, and sleep, at the expense of him under whose banner they had enlisted themselves.

But the treasure upon which Sebastian chiefly prided himself, and which had, at all times, attract-

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ed much attention to his habitation from wandering knights, good swords and men of worship all, was a daughter whose fame extended beyond the limits of the province, and whose accomplishments were as great as her beauty,—a theme lauded by bards and celebrated by roving minstrels. Besides working tapestry equal to that of Flanders—being expert at all the domestic exercises in which women were then accustomed to occupy themselves, —expert, I say, beyond any female on record—it was positively affirmed by those rhodomontading vagabonds the poets, that she was able not merely to spell, but actually to read; whilst some of the boldest of her panegyrists added the useful, though difficult and mysterious art of writing, to the list of the lady's acquirements. Then her skill on the guitar was exquisite, and she sang the romantic ballads which once formed the national poetry of Spain (a poetry worthy of a proud nation), with a spirit and feeling sufficient to inspire with heroism a hundred coats of mail. In accomplishments, therefore, Donna Estafina was without a peer.

But brilliant as might justly be the expectations of one possessed of such unheard-of perfections, there were traits in the lady's character, more touching, though less splendid than those which were sung of in halls at banquets. It was true her admirers praised her beauty; but whilst they laud-

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ed the brightness and blackness of her eyes, with all the hyperboles which poets claim to use, the mild expression in which virtue and benevolence beamed from them was little spoken of; and the loveliness of her form was praised and worshipped, when the pure spirit which it served to enshrine was unheeded and unvalued.

I by no means intend to assert, that the lady though blessed with all these excellent qualities was wholly exempt from the failings of her sex: Good and gentle as she was, she was descended from the same original stock as the rest of her species, and, like them retaining a spice of the perverseness of our first mother, was apt to be obstinate when requested to do any thing which warred with her own notions of propriety. Under the influence of this disposition she had refused to take her place in the common hall, when a neighbouring Grandee of great power, wealth, and ancestry, dined at her father's table; and this merely because he was reputed to be addicted to drunkenness and passionate in his cups, as an instance of which it was alleged that he had killed his first wife by his violence, at a time when women claim more than common kindness from those with whom they are associated.

It happened by the chance of war, that, in an excursion against the Saracens, Alzavar was taken

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prisoner. In the hope of gaining his freedom, he offered for his ransom enormous sums to the leader who had made him captive. Unfortunately the Saracen being among his own people a man of rank and affluence, was not to be tempted by the Hidalgo's proposals, and they were consequently rejected; not that he was maintained on jail allowance—far from it. On the contrary, he was provided for with due consideration to his station and character; for there was a spirit of wild and romantic generosity in those wars, which prevented men from oppressing or treating with indignity those whom fortune had placed within their power.

But whilst Mirza Abu'l Anwar resisted without effort the temptation of treasure, he was less invulnerable to that of beauty; and the report of the charms of La Bella Estafina, had reached his ear with all the garnishings of fame. In the spirit of the times, he immediately fell in love with this lady although he had never seen her, and at once determined to make the daughter's hand the condition of the liberation of the father; imagining that he should thus without difficulty obtain her for his bride. The difference of religion he considered as a trifling obstacle, for he was determined to convert his intended to the truths of Moslemism; and as to a thousand other difficulties which presented themselves, they only added fuel to the fire, and lent

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fresh allurements to the enterprise in which he was determined to engage.

With these thoughts and these resolutions, Mirza betook himself to the apartments of his captive. But here he soon found that he had reckoned without his host; the proud Spaniard refused indignantly his consent to the compact, and the Moslem retired in a fit of disappointment and offended haughtiness.

But in process of time, and as his captivity by being prolonged grew more irksome, Alzavar began to think that there might be no very great harm in coming to some terms with the infidel. He proposed therefore to give him his daughter on the condition of his own immediate liberation, and on the further stipulation that he should vanquish, in single combat, any three Spanish warriors who should successively present themselves to the trial.—Spurred on by his passion, and not doubting but that he could overcome the choicest of the knights of Spain, the Saracen consented to his captive's proposal, and fixed that day month for the fulfilment of the contract. Other arrangements were then entered into for the regulation of the combat, and their mutual words having been pledged for the performance of the stipulations, the only security required, the Spaniard was conducted to the boundary of his own territory and dismissed in safety.

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The dismay of Estafina when informed of the peril in which she stood was overwhelming. She had not known love, and thus in her breast the Saracen had no rival; but she was imbued with a strong attachment to her religion, and internally vowed that if she must indeed be yielded to her purchaser, it should not be as a living bride. With no one of her own sex and rank in whom she could confide, or with whom she might converse, she had been compelled to seek companionship in her own internal resources, and had resorted to her religion, the only study in which her situation allowed her to engage, with a warmth and ardour of devotion which burned, uninterrupted by meaner considerations, purely and steadily in her breast.

The report was soon spread that the beautiful Estafina was to be the price of her father's liberty, unless ransomed by the disinterested valour of some knightly champion of beauty. But though her father had not doubted, from the celebrity of his daughter's charms, that a warrior would speedily be found able and willing to encounter with success the lance of Mirza Abu'l Anwar, yet he had reckoned too precipitately, and without due regard to circumstances; for, surrounded as his domains were on almost every side by the enemy; occupied as were the Spanish chivalry, and every individual engaged in a warfare of more than common inter-

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est to bosoms in which a spark existed of that flame which binds us to our country and our home; and formidable as was the well-tried skill and prowess of the Saracen, the intelligence of the proposed combat neither extended so widely, nor was followed by so ready a disposition to engage in it, as Alzavar had looked for. Two knights only had appeared, and the moon was fast waning whose decline was to bring the challenger to the plain of Valencia.

Time galloped withal, yet no succour came; nothing from which even misery could extract the shadow of a consolation; and (for hope delayed maketh the heart sick) the fortitude of the victim sank as the time approached which was to give her up to the arms of an infidel, or leave her the dreadful alternative of closing by self-violence her own existence; a course which she had persuaded herself would, under the circumstances be, if not laudable, at least justifiable. Suns rose and set, and the hours hurried onwards, until the day arrived whose morrow was to determine her fate. Determined, indeed, it already seemed; for it was evident that the two champions who had offered themselves would prove no match for the renowned leader of the Saracens. The day declined, and no other knight had appeared to engage in the next morning's trial.

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It was a deep, rich autumnal evening—the winds moaned softly, and the branches quivered in their passing embraces. The small light wave, that curled up its foaming crest to meet the kiss of the breeze, indented the sand with its uniform ripple, whose monotonous beat fell on the ear with a languid and measured iteration of sound. The few birds that yet lingered from their rest, poured forth sad and melancholy strains; the sun blazed over the broad bosom of the tideless Mediterranean, expanded to receive his sinking splendour; and directly opposite, his yellow rival began to throw her watery beams over the dusky mountains. One or two stars dimly twinkled; a dewy mist rose from the herbage, and hung like a mantle over the earth. The sun sank deeper into the waves; the moon rose brighter and higher above the horizon, whilst the blue sky deepened in beauty with the commingling hues of splendour that were interwoven in its glorious canopy.

At this hour of deep and solemn stillness sat the unhappy Estafina, in a tapestried chamber of Saguntum, her mind's tumult a decided contrast to the peace which pervaded the scene before her.—The stirring superstitions of the Roman faith, aided as their influence was by the solitary situation, and too great mental susceptibility of the daughter of Alzavar, and cherished and kept alive within her

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by the legends of saints, and the raptures, real or feigned, of the writers whose works alone she studied, had raised, to a state of feverish and irritable excitement, a mind already enfeebled by anxiety, and tormented by the anticipation of her destiny; until she determined, at length, rather to devote herself to martyrdom than become the victim of the enemy of her faith and her country. To those who know the power of religious fanaticism in straining the mind to an undue and supernatural tension, this will not appear strange, and still less so that it was followed by its constant attendant, a more than proportionable degree of depression and relaxation. Extremes generate each other; and the paroxysm of enthusiasm past, its place in the soul is often usurped by a deep and settled despair. In an agonized state of mind she seated herself in the recess of a window, whose tressiled stone-work and stained panes admitted scantily the red and doubtful light reflected from the yet glowing clouds.

The apartment was one of sombre magnificence. The painted roof was intersected with richly carved groins of cypress, black with antiquity, springing from a cornice of the same material, and adorned with the grotesque representations of a thousand monsters. The walls were covered with tapestry from the looms of Flanders, on which were delineated the wild legends of an age yet more rude and

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more romantic. But the most remarkable of the ornaments of the chamber was a picture placed at the end of the room, near where Estafina sat, presenting a full-length portrait of an ancestor of her family—a warrior clad in complete armour. On his shield, and on the mantle in which he was partly enveloped, the red cross denoted him as one of the champions of the faith: a golden chain hung around his neck, and his helmet was decorated with a lofty and sable plume. His countenance, to the extent of the painter's skill, was marked with the lineaments of sternness approaching to ferocity. A black steed stood beside him, decked in the now obsolete trappings of ancient warfare.

Upon this specimen of art Estafina gazed with half unconscious awe. The warrior whom it represented had been handed down to his posterity as famous for his destroying might among the infidels. In a fierce encounter he once bestrode the body of a wounded comrade, and brought him away amid the adverse clashing of a hundred blades, having with his own hand killed five of the enemy. Her familiarity with this tradition caused the wretched maid to gaze with anxious feelings on the portrait. Had she such an arm, she thought, to smite the Moslem in her behalf, she might be safe: but the warrior had gone to his home long years ago, and there was no one like him at hand

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to succour her. The sun's last glow had now faded, and the moon and stars held undisputed dominion over the night, yet no help was nigh, and hope had long since expired. It was then that almost distracted with boundless and irrepressible grief, and deserted by all expectation of human aid, she called on the holy ones of heaven to assist her; it was then that in the weakness and agony of her broken spirit, she cast herself before the picture, and wildly implored her ancestor to deliver her from the perdition that threatened her; and then it was—doubt it who may—that the warrior bowed his head, and his features melted into a look of promise and protection; the air, fanned by his waving plume, wafted over her cheek as she sank to the ground in a state of insensibility, overcome by the mingled hope and terror that throbbed with resistless violence in her breast.

It was long ere she recovered; and when, at last, reviving nature awoke her from the trance into which she had fallen, she found herself in almost total darkness. The moon was no longer abroad casting her rich flood of light around her; the stars were shrouded in thick, dull vapours, and it was with difficulty she explored the way to her sleeping apartment, where she found her attendants wondering at her prolonged absence, and on the point of setting forth in search of her.

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She threw herself on the bed, but her slumbers were restless and perturbed. Dismal dreams arose in succession with all their hideous concomitants of confused and indefinite shapes—dim, loathsome, and terrible. Exhausted more than refreshed, she awoke in the morning to exchange the fears and fever of the imagination, for the yet more dreadful realities which seemed to await her. The attendant maidens busily engaged themselves in the duties of ministering at her toilet—services which she submitted to with sickly and unresisting apathy.

Meanwhile the hammers of the distant workmen, who were laboriously engaged in staking out the place of combat on the level plain of Valencia, fell upon her ear, mingled with the clashing of armour and the clanking tools of the armourers. Every stroke went to her heart, and seemed to ring a death knell to her peace. At last they died away; but were almost immediately succeeded by a new, and to her, more dreadful note.

It was a faint far-away measure of barbaric music—the wild romantic melody of the East, that, floating on the air, and vibrating in a prolonged and fantastic strain, jarred with horrible discord on her ear. Her maidens gazed on her, and on each other, with looks that required not the aid of language to convey their meaning; and despair beam-

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ed in every eye as it was strained in the direction from whence the music appeared to proceed, to catch the first glimpse of the feared and hated Saracen. One by one, their armour gleaming in the splendour of the morning, the Saracen and his retinue bounded down the steeps that border the plain of Valencia. Spurring their fiery steeds, that needed no such appliances to impel them along, they speedily arrived at the lists. A solemn courtesy was exchanged between the chieftains. Mirza passed to the place assigned for him on the field, and cast down, as he rode along, his glittering gauntlet in token of challenge to his opponents.

Had Estafina been less deeply interested in the scene before her, as she gazed from the lattice of her apartment on the preparations for the combat, she could not have beheld without pleasure scarcely without admiration, the noble appearance and bearing of the Saracen. He was clad in a superb suit of scale armour richly embossed, which, fitting close to his person, displayed the symmetry of his well-knit athletic frame; the plume, with which his casque was adorned, adding in appearance to the advantages of a form uncommonly tall and well proportioned. The fleet Arabian on which he rode, was caparisoned in a manner worthy of his rider and himself. It was a beautiful chesnut, and in its mould were admirably blended the requisites

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of strength and fleetness. His flowing mane sported wildly around the serpent sweep of his proudly arched neck, while, bounding on his elastic haunches, he seemed with his sonorous neigh to sound a haughty triumph over the inferior, though beautiful and valuable steeds of the two knights: and it was difficult which to admire most, the beauty of the animal or the skill with which his rider governed his every motion.

Meanwhile one of the champions of Estafina slowly advancing, raised on the point of his spear the gage of the Saracen, and in a moment the combatants were at their stations urging and checking their fiery steeds, and waiting but for the signal to try on each other the strength and skill of lance and arm.

It was a moment of fearful and intensely agonizing suspense to the devoted daughter, who in her tower, incapable of speech, sank on her knees uttering silent petitions to heaven, accompanied by the frequent and irrepressible sobs and tears of her weeping maidens. The father's heart, stung with remorse, bled within him,—for no one could doubt the issue of the conflict. At last the marshals of the field gave the expected signal, the thunder of the horses' hoofs beat heavily on the ear—and it was followed by a momentary crash, and the Saracen's opponent rolled horse and man

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on the yellow dust. No one wondered at this termination, yet the certainty that one chance, weak as it was, was lost, chilled the hearts of the father and his daughter.

No sooner was the first conflict terminated than the other knight presented himself, and the Saracen again returned to his station. Again a period of dread suspense occured, and again at the sound of the trumpet, the combatants gave the spur to their steeds. They met half-way, and now, for a moment, hope rallied in the breasts of the partisans of Alzavar, for so well directed was the lance of the Christian knight, that his opponent seemed to reel in the saddle. It was but for an instant, however, for speedily recovering himself, he bore on his adversary with such force, that the knight's horse slightly rearing, fell upon his haunches, whilst his rider, discomfited by the animal's movements, was unable to withstand the lance of the Saracen, and sinking on the ground, left to his opponent the field and the honour of victory.

It was then that Estafina, still retaining, from the mysterious event of the preceding evening, the glimmer of a hope that some assistance would yet be rendered her, despatched a messenger to her father, requesting that the lists might be kept open till sunset, to wait the possibility of the arrival of some third champion. To this arrangement the

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Saracen had no power to object; and retiring to a tent which was pitched close by the lists, he partook of the refreshments which had been prepared, and awaited the arrival of a new opponent.

The hours were passing swiftly, and Estafina looked in vain from her tower; no knight was visible. Overcome with agony, she lay fainting in the arms of one of her attendants, when a sudden cry of exultation arose from the plain, and awoke her to life and hope. She looked forth and saw, interposed between her and the melting radiance of the setting sun, the dim dark figure of a warrior on horseback. He seemed at a great distance, but advanced with such celerity that he was soon distinctly visible to every eye. A few moments more and he was at the lists, and snatching a horn from one of the pursuivants, sounded a long and loud note of defiance.

That trembling, fluttering thing, a woman's heart, vibrates between the opposite extremes of joy and sorrow, and hopes and fears, with such enthusiasm, that it was not strange that Estafina, casting off every shadow of a doubt, considered herself as already rescued, and half rebuked the damsel who expressed a hope that the new comer might be successful.

It was evident, to those on the field, that the Saracen did not prepare for the contest with so

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much indifference as he had previously manifested. His antagonist, was, indeed, in appearance, a man not rashly to be encountered. His height and bulk were remarkable, and seemed to require all the strength of the large-made sinewy black steed that bore him. His armour was sable, a broad gold chain hung around his neck, and the mantle which flowed around his form was marked with a blood-red cross. A large plume of black feathers streamed above his helmet.

All was in readiness. The followers of the Saracen seemed dismayed, whilst those of Alzavar gazed on the scene with confident anticipations. The warriors started on their course, and the earth absolutely quaked beneath the rapid beat of their charger's feet. The red-cross knight descended like a thunderbolt on his adversary; the violence of his attack was irresistible, and the Saracen hurled headlong from his seat, lay senseless and motionless on the earth.

To talk of the joy which inspired Alzavar and his daughter would be idle. To the acknowledgments which were heaped upon their deliverer, he answered only by his gestures. He spoke not, and when pressed to remove his helmet, declined, by a wave of his hand, compliance with the request. To Estafina, his appearance and demeanour were a subject of fearful interest, for in him she well re-

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cognized her warrior ancestor of the picture. To her expressions of gratitude, he replied with a courteous inclination of his head, but not even to her could he be prevailed upon to speak. All were astonished, but too deeply indebted to the stranger to question him on the peculiarities of his demeanour.

When pressed to partake of their evening meal, he assented, and sat down with the rest of the company to the banquet. It was richly and variously heaped, and luscious spiced wines mantled in golden goblets upon the table. Alzavar pledged his guest, who lifted in return the cup, and seemed about to raise his vizor to drink, when at that moment the priest arose and pronounced the customary blessing. The stranger knight replaced the cup, and folding his arms on the board, reclined his head upon them. After he had continued a short time in that posture, his host intimated his apprehensions that his guest was wounded, and desired some one near him to remove his helmet. This request was no sooner complied with than the guests sprang from the board with a start of horror; beneath the helmet all was void. Dismay and confusion filled every breast, whilst, amid the perturbation that ensued, the empty armour fell rattling to the ground.

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IMILDA DE' LAMBERTAZZI.

An Italian Tale.)

O thou pervading power of love! Thou art to some sweet as the bubbling fountain of freshness to the burning brow of the desert-worn traveller; but to others, terrible as the fiery pestilence, or the breath of the unmerciful Simoom.

Alaric A. Watts.

Italy may, without impropriety, be entitled the Helen of nations. Her fatal dowry of beauty, like that of the erring wife of Menelaus, has been the sole cause of her ruin and degradation. Still, however, though overwhelmed with infamy—though the mark of disgrace be even now mantling on her cheek, is that cheek unsuffused with a single blush of shame; but proudly conscious of her charms, her eye still beams as brightly, and her Circæn loveliness is still as enthralling as ever.

With the violent political feuds which agitated Italy during a great portion of the period which is usually denominated the "Middle Ages," every individual at all versed in the history of that unhappy country, must be intimately acquainted. Principalities

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were then involved in eager and bloody contention with each other;—cities were arrayed against cities—and private families engaged in perpetual quarrels with their neighbours. Among the latter class, the names of the Lambertazzi and the Gieremei of Bologna, like those of the Montagues and Capulets of Verona, will be long and bitterly remembered. In deep and pervading interest, their stories are by no means dissimilar. In both instances were the fates of young, lovely, and innocent beings connected in their awful and overwhelming catastrophes. The history of Romeo and Juliet has been narrated by an immortal pen;—of that of Imilda de' Lambertazzi and Ippolito Gieremeo, the following pages will be found a slight and imperfect record.

During the thirteenth century, when the Guelfs and Ghibelins were mutually cherishing towards each other the most furious and deadly animosity, and contending for political pre-eminence throughout the states of Italy, the Gieremei and the Lambertazzi, two of the noblest families in Bologna, were the leaders of the rival factions. It was at a masked festival at the palace of her father, that Imilda, the beautiful daughter of Lord Orlando Lambertazzo, leaned for the first time upon the arm of a youthful stranger, who during the evening had poured into her ear all the "tongue's utterance

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of love." The graceful pair had wandered almost unconsciously into a garden breathing with the freshness of the midnight air, and rendered still more enchanting by the odoriferous scents of innumerable flowers. All was silence and deep repose. The moon was climbing the blue depths of the starry heavens, and pouring down upon them a flood of mild and soul-subduing radiance. Every object—above—below, and around them, was calculated to awaken the most intense and rapturous enthusiasm. The hearts of the youthful pair yielded to the melting influences of the hour. Presently there came floating on the air the soft breathings of a lute; and then followed a full but mellow voice uttering, in song, an avowal of passion couched in the honeyed tones of a first and soul-absorbing love. The stranger was fain to profit by so sweet, so auspicious an opportunity. He unmasked his face, and, kneeling down, avowed his passion with all the fervour and enthusiasm of which a youthful heart is capable. Heavens! how mournfully delicious were Imilda's sensations when she discovered in her suitor the long-treasured divinity of her bosom—one whose form had haunted her by day, and visited her pillow by night. It was Ippolito Gieremeo, the son of her father's deadliest enemy, who was then suing for pardon and pity at her feet. Manhood had scarcely darkened his cheek, yet had his prowess in the

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fight been frequently put to the test, and fame had already blazoned forth his name among the noblest of Italian chivalry. His form was finely proportioned, and his full dark eye could one moment flash forth the lightnings of its wrath, and the next melt with all the tender languishment of love. It had been his fate to behold Imilda at one of those tournaments, or trials of arms, so common during the Middle Ages, among the youthful nobility of warlike states. He had, indeed, frequently beheld her, but never had she appeared to him so surpassingly lovely. That moonlight hour was to him the fatal Rubicon of life; his heart was irretrievably lost. He had often heard of her transcendent beauty, her wit and her gentleness, but had never before felt their united force upon himself. Nor was the blushing and trembling maiden insensible to the virtues and noble bearing of Ippolito. Their passion was reciprocal: they loved—but their love was like the breezes that blow over the Persian flower, redolent with poison and with death.

Days and weeks fled in rapid succession. In the frequency of their delightful intercourse, the lives of the young lovers glided away in one uninterrupted dream of wild and rapturous bliss; but they were soon fated to be awakened to the sad realities of life. It happened that the attendant, who had countenanced and promoted the interviews of Imilda and

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Ippolito, was herself engaged in an intrigue with one of the followers of Lord Orlando Lambertazzo, to whom, in the weakness of her heart, she divulged the secret intrusted to her fidelity. Her paramour, who was no friend to Ippolito, lost no time in communicating the intelligence he had thus acquired to the father and brother of Imilda, taking care, at the same time, to make his story susceptible of the worst possible construction. The Lambertazzi, already imbued with a rancorous hatred of the Gieremei, who had been represented to them as desirous of supplanting the supremacy of their family in Bologna, listened eagerly to the tale, and vowed to wash out the supposed stain upon the honour of their house with the blood of the offender; nor were they long in redeeming the pledge. Meanwhile, in order the more effectually to conceal their revengeful purpose from the unsuspecting Imilda, they continued to lavish upon her the most endearing and affectionate attentions; even while their spies were on the alert to procure the information necessary to enable them to perpetrate the crime they had it in contemplation to commit. At length, the fatal evening which was to furnish the long-anticipated opportunity arrived. Attended by a single domestic, whose fidelity on occasions of great danger and importance had been often pro-

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ved, the unwary Ippolito was observed directing his courser's steps towards the palace of his family's hereditary enemies. The intelligence of his approach was quickly conveyed to the Lambertazzi, who, arming themselves in haste, repaired with several of their attendants to the garden, where, having concealed themselves among its trees, they waited impatiently for the approach of the hapless lover, that they might slake their thirst for revenge in his blood. The servant of the young Knight was on this occasion left without the walls of the enclosure, to guard against interruption; meanwhile a private door, opened by the devoted Imilda, admitted her lover to her arms. Never had the scenery around them appeared so transcendantly beautiful as at that moment;—never before had they felt so surpassingly dear to each other: every object was clad in a garb of unwonted loveliness. They were as two happy spirits wandering through the groves of the Eastern Innistan, whose cities are radiant with jewels, and whose plains are blooming with everlasting flowers. Alas! that the votive altar, raised to happiness by the fairy wand of the enchantress, Hope, should in one wild moment have been crumbled into dust! Whilst the senses of the lovers were "lapt in the Elysium" of deep and passionate love—whilst they were even engaged in deprecating the unhappy feuds which sepa-

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rated their families, and vainly forming projects for their happy reconciliation, forth from their ambush rushed the murderous and unrelenting Lambertazzi, intending, if possible, to seize Ippolito before he should have time to prepare for resisting their attack. Conceiving that the threatened evil was directed against his beloved, the young Knight, notwithstanding the great inequality of the numbers against which he had to contend, placed himself immediately before Imilda, in an attitude of defiance, exhibiting a determination to protect her from the menaced danger, or perish in the attempt.

Thirsting for his blood, the elder Lambertazzo was rushing forward to plant his dagger in his breast, when the dastard menial by whom Gieremeo had been betrayed, hoping still further to secure his master's favour, endeavoured to anticipate him, and was stretched at the same moment a quivering and headless corse at the feet of the undaunted Ippolito. He was now surrounded by an armed crowd. The father's insane revenge, however, made him an easy prey to the cool intrepidity of the young knight;—the old man's sword was struck from his hand; that of his antagonist was directed towards his breast, and another moment would have decided his fate, when Ippolito discovered for the first time the features of Imilda's sire. He became rooted to the spot—the weapon fell

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from his nerveless grasp,—he lifted up his fallen enemy,—when the treacherous villain suddenly drawing from his cloak a poisoned stiletto, stabbed him in the neck, whilst almost at the same moment the younger Lambertazzo approached from behind, and struck his dagger to his heart: Ippolito Gieremeo fell lifeless and bleeding to the earth.

A loud and fiendish laugh was yelled forth, both by the father and son, at this horrid consummation. "Here, thou abject-minded girl," vociferated the old man, as he rudely grasped the arm of the transfixed and speechless Imilda—"Look where thy minion lies in the rigid embrace of death!"—"Hence," cried her brother, "foul stain upon the honour of a noble house!—hence, woman, to thy chamber, and bethink thee of the disgrace thou hast cast upon us." "Or rather," pursued the father, "to teach thee fitting obedience, remain here; gaze upon him—feed thine eyes upon his graceful form and glorious features, methinks they are somewhat pallid now:" and beckoning to his followers, he left his daughter by the body of her murdered lover. The appalling suddenness of this dreadful catastrophe appeared to have endowed her with a supernatural energy. Amid the depth of her anguish, a ray of hope shot across her fevered brain. It occurred to her as possible that life might not yet be altogether extinct; and that she

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might preserve it by immediately attempting to suck the poison from the yet bleeding wounds of her Ippolito. Undauntedly did she commence her pious work of love; but the venom she imbibed quickly corroded the healthful blood in her own veins.

> One struggle—and his pain is past,
> Her lover is no longer living!
> One kiss the maiden gives, the last
> Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

A short hour from the period of her lover's assassination, Imilda de' Lambertazzi was discovered with her head reclining upon the bosom of her Ippolito, and her white arms twined around his neck, with a tenacity which death had only conduced to strengthen. They were buried together in the same grave, as united in their last embrace as they had been inseparable during their brief, but blissful sojourn upon earth.

Little remains to be told. The Gieremei were of course instigated to vengeance by this act of savage barbarity. They formed alliances with the people of Modena, whilst the Lambertazzi united themselves to the army of Faenza and Forti. After several skirmishes, a desperate struggle took place in the streets of Bologna, which lasted forty days without intermission. Thousands were slain

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—the city streamed with the blood of the noblest and bravest of its children; and the banishment of the Lambertazzi was at length decided upon and carried into effect. A similar sentence was pronounced by the merciless victors upon 12,000 citizens, their adherents; whose goods were confiscated, and whose habitations were levelled with the earth.

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THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

By M. D'Arnaud.

The Count de Commine was decended from one of the most illustrious families in the kingdom of France; his great grandfather, who had two children only, made the youngest his heir in prejudice to his brother, and directed the former to assume the name and title of the Marquis of Laussan. These nobleman had also two sons. The Count's father was greatly inferior in abilities to the young Marquis, his cousin; and, in the early part of his life, conceived an antipathy to him, which grew in time into the most inveterate hatred. After a series of years, passed in constant dispute, the two cousins both married women of distinction: the Marquis of Laussan had a daughter soon after, and his rival relation a son, who is the hero of our story.

The Count's father, on the death of the old lord, entered a process against the Marquis to recover the estate, which he carried on with great rancour. An accidental rencounter, in a hunting party, rendered these nobleman irreconcilable. The eldest,

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ever haughty and malicious, insulted the marquis on the condition to which he might at length reduce him. The latter, though naturally of an easy temper, could not forbear to reply; this altercation brought on a duel, which terminated in favour of the Marquis, who disarmed his antagonist, and bade him beg his life: "Even life." said he, "would be odious if to you I owed, it." "To me you shall owe it, then!" replied the marquis, and tossing him his sword, abruptly left him.

Things were thus circumstanced when the young count returned from his travels. Soon after, the Abbot of Rouillon (a relation of his mother) acquainted him that the title-deeds of the estate, on wihch depended the success of the law-suit, were lodged in the archives of his abbey, where they had been concealed during the confusion of the civil wars. As his father was in an ill state of health, and wanted one in whom he could repose the most implicit confidence, he charged the count, his son, to go and examine them, having previously much exaggerated the importance of the commission. The count having assured his father of his obedience, and having received all necessary instructions, it was thought expedient to escape suspicion in the abbey, for himto assume the name and title of marquis of Longueville. He hastened to the spot, and found the title-deeds,

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which incontestably confirmed the entail; and acquainted his father with this fact; and begged permission, at the same time, to spend some days at a celebrated Spa in the neighbourhood. The success of his researches made his father consent, and he set out for the wells immediately, retaining his feigned name, as it would have been requisite to appear with a considerable retinue to support the dignity of the house of Commine. The day after his arrival, he was introduced to the company, and, as, in those places of public resort, the stiffness of ceremony gives way to freedom of behaviour, he was immediately admitted into all the parties of pleasure. He dined with the marquis of Valette, who gave an elegant entertainment to the ladies, when a matron, of most noble presence, entered the room, attended by her daughter, who possessed the most perfect symmetry of features and elegance of person; her unassuming modesty heighened the glow of youth, and added grace to every charm. He loved instantaneously, and the first moment decided his fate. She perceived his anxiety with a blush, when the ladies retired to their respective houses, and he to his lodgings the better to enjoy his anxiety, which was blended with a gleam of joy;—a joy that ever accompanies the commencement of love. His passion, however, had rendered him so timid, that he dared not even en-

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quire the name of his beloved, as if his curiosity would have betrayed the sentiments of his soul. What were his sensations then, when he heard the lady was daughter to the marquis of Laussan! Every thing he had to apprehend from the enmity of their families flashed on his memory. He had assumed a feigned name, and now flattered himself, that, under this disguise, he should make her conscious of his love, without prepossessing her against him.

In this state he had lived for some time; when at length a fine evening enticed the company to walk, and Marina's (for that was this lovely girl's name) accidently dropped her bracelet, in which was set her picture. The chevalier de St. Odon very officiously picked it up, and having attentively surveyed it, he with great composure deposited it in his pocket. She begged him to return it with much good humour, but, on his refusal, spoke with some warmth. The chevalier was a man of address, but his success with the fair had made him vain and coxcomical. Marina's peremptory demand did not disconcert him; for he asked her with a smile, whether she would deprive him of that for which he was indebted to chance alone?—and, without waiting for an answer, he instantly withdrew. The count was at some small distance, during this fracas, with the marchioness of Valette;

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on drawing near, the young lady, with considerable emotion, related the circumstance to her mother. The marchioness was not less angry than her daughter. The count spoke not a word, but continued his walk with the ladies, and having waited on them home, he immediately went in search of the chevalier.

He found him at his house, told him the purport of his visit, and that he should wait for him at a place appointed. He accepted the invitaton, and they met accordingly. "I am persuaded," said the count, immediately accosting him, "that the affair, which happened on the walks, was a mere pleasantry," but I am sure you are too gallant a man to keep a lady's picture without her permission." "I know not," replied the chevalier, "what interest you may have in the affair, but this I know, that I never permit advice to be thus impertinently intruded on me." "I trust," said the count, laying his hand on his word, "that this will inforce my advice, and oblige you to follow it." The chevalier was brave, and drew immediately; they fought, for some time, with equal address; but the chevalier was not animated with love like the count, whose passion threw him off his guard and laid him open to two slight wounds; in return, he made a dangerous but successful thrust, which obliged the chevalier to beg his life, and re-

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turn the picture. Having raised him up, and conducted him to a house adjacent, the count retired to his lodgings, and dressed his wounds.

There he examined the picture, and imprinted on it a thousand kisses. In painting, he was an adept, and had now an opportunity of exerting his skill. He copied the picture the same night, and so happily succeeded, that he, himself, could scarcely distinguish the copy from the original. This gave him the idea of substituting the one for the other. After having disposed the bracelet in its former shape, that his theft might escape detection, he carried it to Marina. The Marchioness of Laussan said a thousand things on the occasion; Marina indeed, spoke but little; she appeared embarrassed; but a gleam of joy, in being obliged to him, seemed to shine through her confusion, which gave the most heart-felt satisfaction.

Two months had glided on in this pleasing manner, when a letter from the count's father ordered him to return. This was like a thunder-bolt, too forcible to be withstood. He passed the night in misery inexpressible, and, after projecting a thousand schemes, which died away in embryo, it, on a sudden, struck him to destroy the papers relative to the estate, which confirmed their title to the domains of the House of Laussan. He was astonished that the scheme had not before engaged his attention, since it must infallibly prevent thecon-

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sequences of that law-suit which he so much feared. He even reproached himself for having kept so long, what his affection ought much sooner to have destroyed. The injury he was doing his father seemed of little consequence, as he determined to transfer to him the estate which a relation had bequeathed him, far superior to that he was going to deprive him of. Little is requsite to convince a man in love; he thought he had a right to dispose of those papers; he searched the casket which contained them, and never knew a happier moment than that which gave them to the flames.

The idea of obliging his beloved ravished his very soul. The consciousness of what he had done emboldened him to speak with greater freedom; and as the moment of his departure was at hand, he seized the first favourable opportunity. "Beautiful Marina," said he, "the moment approaches which must separate me from you; will you deign sometimes to think of the man whose future happiness depends alone on you? Under a fictitious name I have much abused your confidence; I am not whom you think—I am—the count of Commine." "What," interrupted Marina, "are you our mortal foe? It is you, it is your father, who pursue with unremitting hate our family to ruin." "Brand me not with an intention so odious," said the count, "I am your

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lover, ready to sacrifice my fortune and my life in your service. My father shall not do you evil; my love assures you of it." "Leave me," said she, "leave me; the more I see, the more I hear, renders to a greater degree inevitable the miseries which I cannot but apprehend." The tenderness of these words, which gave him reason to hope, filled his soul with joy.

He had flattered himself that his father would consent to his union with Marina; he was so full of the idea, that he thought every one must think and feel as he did. At length the dreadful moment came, and he left her full of the most tender and lively passion. Alas! his father was already informed of every circumstance which had occurred. The servant he had sent with him was ordered to be a spy on his conduct; this man had acquainted his father with his love and with his duel, and had painted the Marchioness of Laussan and her daughter as artful, designing women, who knew him to be the count of Commine, and had enticed him into their snares. His father, naturally passionate, was worked up by this information to a paroxysm of fury; he treated him on his return with the most savage inhumanity, and reproached him with his attachment to Marina as with a crime of the blackest enormity.

"Base wretch," said the old lord, "dare you

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love my enemies without any regard to what you owe either yourself or me? You have entered into engagements with a family which my heart abhors." "Yes, my father," said the young nobleman, "I am blameable, but I am unavoidably so. I cannot withstand my fate, while on my knees I implore your pardon."

His father regarded him, while he was speaking, with an eye of indignation. "I have heard you," said he, with a composure which astonished him, and of which he thought himself incapable, "the only favour you can expect from me is this alternative; either renounce your folly, or the title of my son; be speedy in your resolves, and instantly deliver up those papers entrusted to your care—a confidence you little merited."

Had the old count relented, this demand would have perplexed his son much; but his cruelty gave him courage. "The papers," replied he, "are no longer in my custody; they are committed to the flames: let my estate indemnify your loss." Scarce had he spoken when his father, with all the fury of a maniac, drew his sword, and as the count made not the least effort of resistance, he would inevitably have killed him, had not his mother that instant entered the apartment, and thrown herself between them at the moment the father was going to embrue his hands in the blood of an only child.

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"Know you not your own son?" cried she; then turning to the young count, she ordered him to go into her dressing-room. He waited a considerable time before his mother appeared; at length she came, not armed with rage, nor disguised by passion; she looked, she spoke as a tender parent who entered into all his pains, and only begged him, with tears, to pity the condition he had reduced her to, and submit to the will of his father.

After a little conversation, she told him his father insisted on his immediately marrying, and "you are to be sent from hence," said she, "till the day arrives. You are to go into the country to-morrow, attended by a person in whom he can confide. Absence may work greater miracles than you imagine; time may efface the traces of Marina's perfections, and you may be again yourself. I, on my part, will leave nothing undone that may give you satisfaction. Your father's disposition has ever been too violent, but now his vengeance is justified, to what extremes will it not provoke him? You were highly culpable in destroying those papers; and he is persuaded that Marina inveigled you to make her that sacrifice by the order of her mother." "Alas!" said he, "is it possible my father can think so uncharitably of the marchioness of Laussan? So far from it, even Marina knows not what I have done; and I am

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confident she would have employed all her power over me to have prevented it." He then concerted a plan of correspondence, and begged his mother would visit Marina, on her arrival at Bourdeaux. She assured him she would, on condition that he would implicitly submit to his father if Marina's affection should fall short of his expectations. The greatest part of the night passed in conversing with his mother: when the morning dawned, his conductor informed him he must mount his horse, which he soon after did, and with an aching heart turned his back on his father's house.

The count arrived on the third day at a castle built at the bottom of the Pyrenees, which was destined for his retreat. Groves of cypress, and barren rocks were his only view, and he heard nothing but the croaking of the raven, and the thunder of the cataracts which fell from the mountains. After some days, he heard from his mother that his father would not listen to any terms; and to add to the fullness of his misery, he moreover learned that his father finally had fixed his marriage with a daughter of the count de St. Foix; that the nuptials were to be celebrated at the place of his confinement, and that his father would be with him in a few days to prepare for the solemnity. The three days previous to his father's arrival

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he passed in settling a plan of behaviour, which would give Marina fresh proofs of his constancy. The interview between his father and himself was, on his part, very cool but respectful; on his father's, stern and haughty.

"I have given you time," said his father, "to repent of your follies, and am now come to give you an opportunity to atone for them. Let your obedience be your reply to this mark of my goodness, and prepare to receive as your wife the lady I have destined for you. The marriage shall be here; your mother will arrive to-morrow with the count de St. Foix and his daughter." "I am extremely sorry, sir," said the son, "that it is not in my power to oblige you. I have too much honour to give my heart where my hand must ever be a stranger. I beg your permission, therefore to leave this place, since Mademoiselle de St. Foix, all amiable as she may be, will not be able to shake my resolution; and the ill compliment I must pay her will be felt more sensibly in refusing her hand after I shall be acquainted with her person; let me entreat you, therefore, to detain me no longer in this place." "No," replied his father, with fury flashing from his eyes, "you shall not go, neither shall you more behold the sun; for I will instantly confine you in a dungeon, destined for the reception of such as you. I swear no power on

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earth shall ever set you at liberty, unless you return to your duty. I will punish you by every method my vengeance can suggest: I will disinherit you; I will strip you of your fortune, and give it to Mademoiselle de St. Foix, that I may keep my word with her as much as lies in my power." This threat was instantly executed, and the young count was conducted to the bottom of a tower, which admitted only a glimmering light through a small iron grate. His father ordered him to be narrowly watched, to be fed but twice in the day, and to be secluded from all intercourse with his friends and relations. His mother, however, contrived to convey a letter to him, in which she exhorted him to obey his father, whose resentment grew every day more violent. She added, that she had suffered greatly on his account, and that her assiduity in attempting a reconciliation had made his father suspect her correspondence.

His mother's uneasiness gave him fresh concern; but he thought his own sufferings would in some measure excuse his behaviour. As he was meditating on the severity of his fate, he was interrupted in his reverie by a noise at the window and immediately a letter dropped into the room. He broke it open with anxiety bordering on distraction; and was motionless with apprehension; these were the contents:—

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"I am indebted to the old count of Commine for my knowledge of my obligations to you, which his anger provoked him to discover, and which your generosity would never have revealed. I am likewise but too well acquainted with the horrors of your situation, from which you cannot be relieved but by means which probably may heighten your misery. Your generosity requires the most grateful return: gratitude enables me to execute what your sufferings most justly demand. Your father insists that the price of your liberty shall be my immediate marriage, as that will effectually prevent the union so odious to his thoughts. The sacrifice may perhaps cost me my life; most certainly my peace of mind for ever. Not misery in all its variety of horrors shall aught avail! I am determined. Your sufferings, your imprisonment, are ever before my eyes. In a few days I shall be the wife of the marquis de Benevides. That which I know of his character tells me what I am to undergo. But at least I owe you this mark of my fidelity, that I can from my engagement foresee nothing but misery. Do you, on the contrary, endeavour to be happy. Your ease and tranquillity will be my only consolation. I ought not to have said so much. Was I truly generous, my motive for marrying should be to you unknown, that you might call ingratitude what arises from excess of

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love. I had formed such a design, but wanted courage to put it into execution. In my deplorable situation I need the consolation of thinking that my memory will not be odious to you. Alas! how soon must I banish all thoughts of you. I must forget you; I must at least attempt it. But my misery, however keen, will be more sensibly aggravated if you do not most studiously avoid all occasions of seeing or speaking to me. Remember, that you owe me this mark of your esteem, and think how dear that esteem must be to me, since that is the only sentiment virtue will permit me to demand. MARINA."

This epistle threw the count into so violent an agitation, that the next day a dangerous fever ensued, in which he continued nearly a fortnight, when a skilful physician, with his mother, arrived at the castle and administered every assistance in their power. He recovered by slow degrees, and having been restored to liberty, returned to his native place.

In the mean time, the tender, the beautiful Marina—led like a lamb to the slaughter—was united to the marquis de Benevides; a man whom she detested. This was to all a matter of astonishment, as the temper of that nobleman was capricious, and his person deformed. The count, however, determined on penetrating this affair to the

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bottom, took the first opportunity of leaving his place of retirement, and proceeded to the marquis' country house, in the neighbourhood of which he staid some days, and pretended to be a professor of painting and architecture; arts in which he had made a considerable progress. He presently became acquainted with young Benevides, brother to the marquis, a youth as amiable as the former was disagreeable; by him he was introduced into the family, and, as the marquis intended making considerable alterations in his house, the count was consulted on that subject.

Anxious to speak to the object of his wishes, he determined to take the first opportunity of addressing her. He saw, soon after, Marina enter her chamber alone, and knowing the marquis was in the garden with one of his tenants, the count followed her with so much precipitation that she did not immediately observe him. She would have fled the moment she saw him, had he not detained her by catching hold of her robe: "Fly me," said she, "I conjure you, and never see me more; it is for you, and you alone, I am the most miserable of all human beings;—do you wish to make me the most criminal?" At this instant the door opened, and the marquis rushed in; drawing his sword, he attacked the count with the greatest fury. In the scuffle the latter received a wound

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in the shoulder, and, in a paroxysm of rage, wresting the sword out of his assailants's hand, stabbed him in several parts of the body. The domestics, alarmed by the noise, seized the supposed painter, and dragged him from the chamber to a place of security.

The wounds of the marquis, though dangerous, were not mortal; and his brother, the chevalier, hearing the counts's whole story from Marina, determined to set him at liberty, more particularly as he was convinced that the marquis intended to have him poisoned in the place where he was confined. The amiable chevalier accordingly went to him in the dead of the night, and after a short conference, took him by the hand, and led him through the courts of the castle. The chevalier, at his departure, advised him to go to a convent at some distance, to the Abbot of whom he had procured him a letter of recommendation. He arrived at this place the next day, and from the bad state of his wounds, and the anxiety of his mind, fell into a disorder, which gave the Abbot great apprehensions for his safety.

The chevalier, about a month after the count had taken sanctuary in the convent, arrived at the gate, and inquired for the unfortunate gentleman. He was brought to the bed where the count lay, and, seating himself by his side, burst into a flood of

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tears; "I bring you my dear friend," said he, "but melancholy tidings. The marquis is recovered; but the severe treatment with which he has used his lady, penetrates my heart. I left his castle a week after your departure, being obliged to repair to Algiers on matters of importance to our family. I returned to the castle two days since, and was not a little shocked at hearing from a servant, that Marina died three days after the commencement of my journey. I confess I have suspicions with respect to my brother, though he appears overwhelmed with grief, denies himself to every one, and does not speak of that lovely woman without an appearance of the utmost agony.

The count would have thanked the chevalier for his mournful narrative, but his voice was choked with sighs, and he fainted away. The chevalier behaved in the most friendly manner to the unfortunate nobleman, and did not leave him till ten days after, when his health was almost re-established, though his mind was impressed with the deepest melancholy. De Commine, a short time after, giving up all prospect of happiness in this world, wrote to his mother, and requested her to dispose of his property, as he was determined, from the misfortunes he had met with, to seclude himself from society. He proceeded shortly after to the abbey of La Trappe, where, after he had gone

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through his noviciate, notwithstanding the persuasions of his friends, he put on the habit of the order.

The solitude, the silence of this seat of misery, together with the melancholy which was stamped on every face, contributed not a little to the nourishment of his grief. He went through the duties of the convent without repining, for to him every thing was equally indifferent. He every day secreted himself in the bosom of the woods, where he read his Marina's letter, and dwelt on every word.—There, he examined her picture till imagination gave it life. He bathed both the one and the other with tears, and returned to the convent more miserable than before. In this manner had he lingered, for three long years, in a life of misery, without the least alloy, when the bell summoned him to assist at the last moments of a brother. He was lying on a plank, strewed with ashes, and was receiving the extreme unction, when he begged permission to break silence; which was accordingly granted.*

* The monks of this order are not allowed the liberty of speech, except on extraordinary occasions; and, then, only by permission of the superior. They are not permitted to look up, even at meals, which are, likewise, eaten in silence. They dig their own graves, which remain open till death consigns them to the earth. When they pass each other, the

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"What I shall say, my father," said the monk, addressing himself to the principal of the society, "will animate my auditors with new fervour towards the Almighty. I disgrace the name of brother, with which these holy men have honoured me. In me behold—*a wretched, sinful woman*; whom love, unholy love, conducted hither. I loved and was beloved by a man of equal rank. But the animosity of our parents was a fatal obstacle to our union, and I was obliged, for the welfare of my lover, to give my hand, a rebel to my heart. Even in the choice of a husband, I sought only to give a proof of the extravagance of my passion; and he, who could inspire hate alone, was, to obviate my lover's jealousy, unworthily preferred to all. But it was the will of the Amighty, that a marriage thus contracted, with views so criminal, should be to me an uninterrupted source of misery. Behold my husband and my lover, by each other wounded, bleeding before my eyes! A scene

only salutation consists in saying, with their eyes bent on the ground, "*We all must die!*" to which is answered "*Die we must!*" These are the only words ever uttered by the monks of La Trappe, except by special permission. Their food and drink consist of *brown bread, roots, and water*; and their cowls so completely envelope the head, that the face is never seen. After his abdication, King James II. of England belonged to this order, and steadily observed the rules.

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so shocking threw me into a fever, from which I was scarcely recovered when my husband immured me in a dungeon, and made report declare me dead. In this place of horror I lingered out two years, to every consolation a stranger. My husband, unsated with my sufferings, had the cruelty to add insult to misery. His death at length procured my liberty. The domestic who alone was conscious of my fate, opened my prison; but, at the same time, informed me that I had been reputed dead from the first moment of my confinement.

"The noise my adventure would occasion, determined me on retirement; a resolution I the more readily embraced, as all my inquiries were fruitless after the only person for whom I wished to live. That I might the more easily steal unnoticed from the castle, I disguised myself in the habit of a man, in which I proposed travelling to a convent in the neighbourhood of Paris. I was hastening thither when a secret impulse as I passed this seat of religion, obliged me to enter your chapel. On the instant of my entrance, I distinguished in the fulness of the anthem, a voice too well accustomed to sink into my heart. I believed myself seduced by the powers of imagination. I drew near, and through all the changes which time and austerities had made on his countenance, I recognized the

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man so dear to my memory. I could not force myself from the place which held my very soul. And that I no more might lose him, I offered myself to you, my father, for the habit of the order.—With such earnestness I prayed that you admitted me.

"The Almighty, by abandoning me to myself, was willing to give me more powerful reasons for my future humiliation. He therefore suffered me to taste the impoisoned joys of breathing the same air, and of being under the same roof with him, who innocently had seduced my soul from his holy presence. I haunted my lover as his shadow; I assisted his labours with all my little strength, and in those moments was amply repaid my every trouble. My infatuation would have led me to discover myself, had I not been restrained by the dread of interrupting the tranquillity of him who had robbed me of my repose. Behold the happy moment which God had prepared to win me to himself. We were cutting wood in the forest for the supply of the convent. My lover had unperceived escaped from me. My solicitude prompted me to search for him through all the mazes of the wood; at last I espied him in a part the most retired, poring over something which hung at his bosom. I drew near, unnoticed, and surveyed the object of his contemplation. How inexpressible

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was my amazement at seeing my own picture! Then I perceived, that so far from enjoying the repose I dreaded to disturb, he was like myself, an unhappy victim to a more unhappy passion.—Then did my imagination paint the Almighty in his anger, ready to lay his heavy hand upon him. I trembled lest the love which I had impiously carried with me to his holy altar, should draw down the vengeance of heaven on the unhappy object of it. But hold—I feel the hand of death upon me. If the companion of my infatuation still labours under the oppression of iniquity, let him reflect on the object of his foolish passion; let him cast his eye on me; let him think on that tremendous moment which now awaits me, and which he soon must know. The periodof my existence is arrived; I implore the prayers of these holy men; I request their pardon for the offence I have given, and I acknowledge myself unworthy to partake of their sepulture."

Language cannot paint the feelings of her lover's soul; he experienced in that tremendous moment, all the tenderness of love and the agonizing horrors of despair. He was kneeling with the other religious when first she spoke. The voice he instantly knew to be that of Marina, but the fear of losing a single word she uttered restrained his cries. When he found she had expired, he grew

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delirious with grief; he sprang from the monks who had crowded to his assistance; he threw himself on his knees; he seized her lifeless hand, and bathed it with a torrent of tears:—"Now I have for ever lost you! my dearest Marina was with me, and my heart, ungrateful, knew her not!—No—we will part no more. Death, less cruel than my father, shall unite us for ever!" His brethren, melted at this spectacle of wo, endeavoured by the most pathetic exhortations to remove him from the body, which he still held in his embrace. Force succeeded to entreaties, and he was confined in his cell. The count continued in this sequestered place for many years, which he spent in no other employ than in bewailing his loss, and in preparing himself for a better world.

The reader may be assured that the most striking incidents in this relation have been unhappily realized.

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GOODRICH CASTLE:

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The beautiful valley of the Wye is a spot with which few English readers are unacquainted.—The country between Ross and Chepstow presents a succession of fine scenery, which for variety and beauty is, perhaps, no where to be equalled within the same distance. Tourists have been much divided as to the spot which is entitled to claim the superiority. Some have decided in favour of the steeps of Windcliff, with their coronet of richly variegated wood, and the extensive prospect which they command of the fertile valley at their feet, the junction of the Wye with the Severn in the middle distance, and the boundless ocean itself terminating the horizon. Others prefer the seclusion and solemnity of Tintern; the grey, but graceful pillars of the monastic ruin seeming to hallow the lovely scenery in the midst of which it stands; the woods which embosom it; the hills which screen it from the wind; and the river which murmurs at its feet, reflecting its mouldering and ivy-mantled form in its unruffled bosom.

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It is difficult to set down in so many words the causes and motives of our predilections, especially in matters of taste, but I prefer the vicinity of Goodrich Castle to all its sister beauties on the banks of the Wye. The artist probably would not agree with me, but the artist (with reverence be it spoken) too seldom yields up his mind to the uncontrolled influence of the scene, to be the best judge on such a subject. He is thinking not how the landscape looks before him, but how it would look in a picture, surrounded with a gold frame, and suspended on the walls of an exhibition room.—Painting, with all its divine attributes, is the most limited of all the arts. I have seen many a fine landscape to which the powers of a Lorraine would be inadequate, which could not be transferred to the canvas, and yet which awakened in my mind higher and more admiring sensations than other celebrated scenes which have been selected and immortalized by the artist. One of these is the spot to which I have alluded. I have said that the pencil cannot delineate, and therefore I will not attempt to describe it; but it is an exquisite assemblage of all that is most fascinating to the eye and to the mind, of rock, wood, water, ruin, meadow, mountain, and wild heath.

But time

"Has mouldered into beauty many a tow'r,
"Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
"Was only terrible."

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At the period to which the following narrative refers, this place presented an appearance very different from what it does at present. The now mouldering turrets of the castle were then manned with many an intrepid warrior; cannon were pointed from the walls, where now the ivy clings and the bat builds undisturbed; and the deep moat, at present choked up with forest trees, was then filled with water and guarded by a drawbridge, which was lowered but seldom, and with extreme caution. The castle was at this time obstinately defended by the Governor, Sir Henry Lingen, at the head of a small but gallant body of cavaliers, against the attacks of the parliamentary army, commanded by Colonel Birch. The determined valour of the besieged, and the almost impregnable strength of the fortress, had already cost the assailants in men and ammunition more than in the opinion of the best informed military judges, the place was worth; and Birch at length determined to sit down quietly before the castle, and trust to the power of that slow, but omnipotent ally—famine, to subdue the resolution of the garrison, whose provisions were known to be nearly exhausted. Some feeling of compassion, mixed doubtless with no small portion of apprehension as to the consequences to themselves of this protracted siege, prompted the parliamentary leaders to send various messages to the

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governor, offering advantageous terms of capitulation, all of which were, however, indignantly rejected by Lingen. On one occasion, a cavalier on the ramparts called to the pioneers at work in the mines, and said, "they cared not for being blown up—they could, from the sky, laugh at the flourishing of the roundheads."

This state of things had continued for some time, when on the morning of a fine day, in July, 1646, a person armed from top to toe, and well mounted, was seen, preceded by a flag of truce, and followed by three horsemen, to issue from the Warren of Walford, belonging to the noted Colonel Kyrle, a fortified mansion where Birch had fixed his head quarters, and take the road which led to Goodrich Castle.

It was not long ere they arrived before the gate, and sounded a parley. A few signals passed between the warder and the interior guard, the portcullis was lowered, and the party entered the castle. They were speedily assisted from their saddles, and ushered into a great hall, where they found themselves in the presence of the governor, surrounded by about twenty of the superior officers of the garrison. The leader of the visiting party raised his visor, and was immediately recognized as the son of the commander of the besieging army.

"Captain Birch," said the governor, as he bow-

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ed to his guest with that courtesy for which he was celebrated, "I heartily bid you welcome, but if your object in coming here to-day be similar to that which procured me the honour of your last visit, you will pardon me for saying that you might have spared yourself an unnecessary journey."—"Sir Henry Lingen," answered Birch, "it is true that my errand is now somewhat different from that which last led me hither, but being here I cannot avoid once more pressing upon your attention the impropriety, and indeed the absurdity, of wasting the lives of brave men in a fruitless struggle, which cannot be protracted at the furthest, beyond a few days."

"You talk, captain Birch," returned Lingen, "in a way which proves how ignorant you, and the persons from whom you come, are as to the resources of the castle, and the gallantry and resolution of the gentlemen by whom I am surrounded (turning to his officers), who are determined to defend it to the uttermost."

As Sir Henry Lingen spake, his faltering voice and emaciated features, too plainly indicated the resistless agency of famine, and the keen apprehension of Birch detected in the gloomy silence of most, and the but half-suppressed murmurs of many, to whom the governor's appeal had been addressed, that the resources of the castle were in a

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very different state from that which Lingen would induce him to believe. A few swords, however, flew from their scabbards in token of the determination of those who wielded them to act up to the spirit of their leader's declaration.

"Sir Henry," said Birch, as a smile, in which, however, there was more of compassion than of scorn, played over his dark features; "I perceive, as plainly as yourself, what will be the result of our late interviews. We are at present, however, simply instructed by our commander, colonel Birch, to claim from you the person of his ward and niece, who has eloped from his charge, and, as he is informed, taken refuge in the fortress at present under your orders. Although the unhappy circumstances of the times have compelled two brave and honourable men to range under hostile banners, he presumes that Sir Henry Lingen is the last man in the three kingdoms to encourage the tearing asunder of domestic ties, or the violation of natural duties."

"Colonel Birch," answered the governor, "knows enough of Sir Henry Lingen to feel well assured of the truth of the assertion which you have just made, and so insidiously applied. Tell him, however, that during the long period in which I enjoyed the friendship of the late Mr. Birch, although he died before these unhappy troubles broke out, I never

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found him by word or deed betray a sentiment which could be construed into an accordance with such principles as his brother has lately chosen to adopt; and that, in rescuing his daughter, who has voluntarily put herself under my protection, from the authority of a person professing such principles, and who, moreover, would force her into a match to which she has an invincible repugnance, however estimable (bowing as he spake these words) the object of his choice may be in other respects, I do not conceive that I encourage either the tearing asunder of domestic ties, or the violation of natural duties."

"Your friend, as you term him," said Birch, "on his death bed, left his daughter to the guardianship of his brother."

"That brother," retorted Lingen, "was then a loyal subject of King Charles, and had not made war upon his countrymen."

"You are an ingenious casuist, Sir Henry, but you will pardon me if, without impeaching your veracity, I venture to say that you may probably mistake for an attachment to certain principles, a predilection for the interests of your own kinsman."

The captain's eye, as he uttered these words, glanced with a peculiar expression upon a young man to the right of Lingen, who had been among the few who had so ardently supported the defiance

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of the governor. The object of this glance was not slow in acknowledging its reference to himself.

"Nay, sir," he exclaimed, as he checked the ready reply of the governor, "this quarrel is my own. Captain Birch, although the blood in your veins is the last which I would wish to shed, notwithstanding your alliance with those unhappy men who are the cause of all our country's misery, yet your presumptuous pretensions to the hand of a lady who rejects, who scorns you, and the calumnious aspersion which you have just now cast upon the motives of my honoured kinsman, call for immediate chastisement. There is my glove, and if you dare take it up, here (drawing his sword) is that which shall make you repent your insolence."

The features of Birch, except that they were lightened for a moment by a contemptuous smile, remained perfectly unchanged, as with one hand he took up the challenger's gage, and with the other unsheathed his weapon. Sir Henry Lingen, however, interposed. "Clifford," he said, in a determined tone, "I command you to respect the rites of hospitality and the faith of truce. Captain Birch, I charge you not to forget the peaceable character in which you presented yourself at these gates, and under the sanction of which you have been admitted. For myself, I can readily pardon your personal insinuations; and, as to the object of

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your embassy, tell your leader that, while Goodrich Castle is under my command, Alice Birch may rely upon finding protection within its walls."—Birch bowed slightly as he withdrew from the presence of the governor. "We shall meet again," whispered Clifford as he passed him. "Fear not that," answered Birch, grasping his hand; and that hostile pressure was returned with a fervour which perhaps the grasp of friendship never equalled.—Shortly afterwards was heard the tramp of their horses' hoofs, crossing the draw-bridge, and then the heavy creaking of the chains, as the portcullis was once more raised to forbid the ingress of hostile visiters.

"It is in vain, Clifford, it is in vain," said Sir Henry Lingen, when the retirement of his officers had left him alone with his nephew. "Our ammunition is nearly exhausted, and our provisions are still more scanty; not enough, indeed, to distribute to the garrison any thing like even the slender ration which was dealed out to them yesterday. You perceived that, with the exception of yourself, my sons, and the gallant Vaughan, none of my officers are disposed to hold out any longer, and that they could not even conceal their disaffection in the presence of our arch enemy. The refusal to deliver up his niece will, I have no doubt, exasperate Birch; and, combined with the intelligence which

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his son will communicate, induce him to make an immediate attack, the success of which appears inevitable. I shall stand out as long as I find any one to support me; but if it comes to the worst I shall be able to make tolerable terms for *myself*, and all but you and Alice. A price being set upon your head, in consequence of your being implicated in the King's escape to Scotland, it would not be in the power, even of Birch, were he so inclined, to save you; and Alice would be forced into a marriage with this man, who, with all his plausible exterior, and unquestionably soldier-like qualities, I know to be brutal, sanguinary, and fanatical. My valet, Simpson, who was for twenty years a servant in this castle, while in the possession of good old Sir Hugh Stanton, will show you a way by which you may escape unobserved, and afterwards meet you at the ferry with means for transporting you across the Wye to Ragland Castle. I will delay the surrender as long as possible, that your escape may not be discovered till you are beyond the reach of pursuit."

"And why not, my noble uncle, seek safety with us?"

"Nay, I must not desert my men; I have still a hope, although indeed a forlorn one, of being able to keep the castle, and at any rate my authority and management will be essential in procuring ho-

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nourable terms of capitulation for them, while the escape of all, by the means proposed to you, would be impracticable. Find Alice, to whom Simpson has already communicated my design; lose no time in leaving the castle, and God speed you."—Clifford wrung his uncle's hand in token of gratitude and affection; and with tears in his eyes bade him farewell.

Alice Birch had just entered her nineteenth year, and was endowed with all those perfections, both mental and personal, which have been the property of the heroines of romance from time immemorial. At her father's house she had often met Sir Henry Lingen and his nephew, Charles Clifford; with the former of whom Mr. Birch, a gentleman of family and fortune in Gloucestershire, had been a fellow collegian. The merits of Clifford soon made an impression on the susceptible bosom of Alice. He was nearly three years her senior; of approved bravery and personal beauty; and versed in all the learning and accomplishments of the time. A mutual attachment was the consequence, which, although it had not yet been so far avowed as to call upon Mr. Birch for an expression either of dissent or approval, was not, there was every reason to believe, opposed to his wishes.—His death, however, soon took place, and Alice was put under the guardianship of her uncle, a sour

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puritan, in whose character for honour and integrity his brother, nevertheless, placed the greatest confidence. A short time, however, effectually unmasked him. Desirous of securing his brother's estates in his own family, he was anxious to force upon Alice a marriage with his son; and when the civil war broke out, and the party to which he attached himself gained the ascendant, he did not scruple either as to the decorum or the legality of the means which he made use of to accomplish his darling project. Alice was dragged in the train of her uncle, whose busy fears would not allow him to leave her behind him, when he went to lay siege to Goodrich Castle. Here she contrived to escape, if such it could be called, into the beleagured fortress, whose surrender, in the course of a few days, was deemed a matter of certainty.

Under these circumstances it will be readily believed that, when Clifford entered her apartment, he discovered in her no inclination to oppose the plan which had been laid down for her deliverance. He found her ready equipped for the journey, while Simpson was fortifying himself for it with the best fare which the larder of the castle, in a state so nearly approaching to exhaustion, could supply. Indeed, both the governor and his nephew had contributed from their own scanty store, in order to furnish out such a meal as should put

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Simpson in good humour with the service which he had to perform. "Dearest Charles," said Alice, "behold me ready to encounter all hazards in your company. Simpson, lead on."

"Nay, not so fast young lady; the palfrey is not yet saddled, and it will be ill waiting at the outlet of the subterraneous passage longer than is necessary."

"Well, well, we are at your disposal," said the lady; "but methinks I could echo the wish of Imogene, 'Oh! for a horse with wings.'"

"Trust me, Alice," said Clifford, smiling, "a tight stirrup and a keen spur will be of more avail than the pinions of Pegasus himself. But, good Simpson, despatch your meal as quickly as possible. Sir Henry told me that every thing was in readiness."

Another and another mouthful were taken with even more deliberation than would have been necessary under circumstances of much less moment, before the carnivorous serving-man, either by word or deed, showed the least attention to Clifford's importunities. He then, with a slow and cautious step moved on, bidding them follow him, which they did, with much more alacrity than seemed agreeable to him, on account probably, either of the number of his years, or the fullness of his meal. Having led them to a remote part of the castle,

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they arrived at a small door, so concealed by being in a dark part of the passage, that it was scarcely discernible. Here Simpson, after trying various keys, found that he had left the only one which could be of any service to them behind *him*.—"Curse on you, for a dilatory dotard," exclaimed Clifford, "hasten for it; and should you not use a little more expedition, although I shall not honour you with the discipline of my sword, do not expect for equal immunity from my cudgel."

The old man left them muttering his discontent. Clifford, vexed and mortified himself, had much to do to support the sinking spirits of Alice. His threats, however, were apparently not without their effect upon Simpson, who returned at least as soon as they could reasonably expect. The door being unlocked, they descended a flight of steps, for a considerable time, and long before they reached the bottom, they had lost the light of day. A faint glimmering induced them to hope that they were approaching the outlet, but it turned out to be only the lantern of one of the sentinels, of whom there were twelve placed at various intervals within ear shot of each other, to guard this secret entrance to the castle. The approach of any enemy, should he be able to discover this entrance through accident, or the treachery of any person acquainted with it, could thus be speedily discovered, and

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communicated to the inhabitants of the castle, in time to enable them to guard the inner entrance to the passage from surprise, even should the outer one be forced.

In this manner our fugitives traversed the length of nearly half a mile, sometimes ascending, at others descending, and at others treading a level plain. They now arrived at a flight of steps which led to a door in the roof, and before which a sentinel, armed, and with a lamp, was pacing. Here Simpson took his leave, promising to meet them at the ferry, which was near three miles from the mouth of the cavern, but telling them they need not travel at the pace with which they had hurried through the passage, unless they could discover any advantage in being there long before him, and that they would find Sir Henry Lingen's page with the palfrey, soon after getting clear of the cavern. The sentinel then unclosed the trap-door, when Clifford and Alice found themselves in a thick wood, which they had entered from the hollow of an enormous oak, in the bottom of which was the trap-door which had just closed behind them. By certain letters carved on the bark of the trees, with which Lingen had made him acquainted, Clifford tracked his way through this otherwise pathless forest, and at length found himself at its outskirts. Here he perceived the palfrey, held by a young man, who,

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as soon as he saw them, made eager signs to them to quicken their pace.

"Ye have been long coming, Sir, as though this were a time to toy with a fair lady, when Birch reckons your blood as already red upon his weapon."

"That tedious fool Simpson delayed us, but let us lose no more time in words."

Clifford and the page assisted Alice to mount the saddle; the former got up before her, and then after waving his hand to the page, who immediately disappeared in the thickest of the forest, he plunged his spurs into the courser's side, and made the best of his way towards the ferry.

The day had changed from fine to stormy, and the rain, of which they had not felt much when in the forest, was now pouring in torrents, while the swollen Wye, whose banks they were traversing, was foaming furiously as they passed. They had not proceeded far before they were alarmed by the appearance of an armed horseman, who occupied the centre of the road before them. Although he seemed startled and chagrined to see them, he advanced rapidly towards them, while, applying a bugle to his mouth, he made the valley ring with its echoes.

"Curse on ye! are ye here so soon, and my tardy villains not arrived? but this right arm will suffice to do the work."

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Thus saying, while, with one hand, he again applied the bugle to his mouth, with the other, which held his weapon, he made a furious lunge at Clifford, who however parried the blow, and retreated a few paces.

"Captain Birch," he said, (for he soon recognized the voice of his rival) "is this honourable, like a highwayman, to waylay me, or courteous to assault me while protecting a lady?"

"Talk ye of honour, coward, who are deserting your comrades at their last extremity, and flying from the consequences of your own challenge —die!"

While uttering these words, he renewed his attack yet more furiously, and rage, as well as the necessity for self-defence, gave redoubled vigour to Clifford. With one arm twined round the almost lifeless form of Alice, and with the other aiming at the heart of Birch, he waged for a long time a very unequal combat. The horse of the latter, however, stumbling, precipitated its rider to the ground.—Clifford was on the point of generously waiving this advantage, and dismounting, but his adversary, with the speed of lightning, recovered his legs, then, foaming with fury and covered with dust, he advanced, and would have sheathed his sword in the bowels of Clifford's horse. Clifford perceiving his object, struck him a deadly blow on

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the head which cut through his helmit, and made a deep incision on his temple. The unhappy man uttered a dreadful groan, and fell lifeless to the earth.

Clifford, gasping for breath, and covered with the blood, both of his opponent and himself, perceived, nevertheless, the necessity for immediately resuming his journey. The consciousness of this necessity also operated upon the weak frame and shattered spirits of Alice more effectually than the utmost skill or care could possibly have done, and they were both speedily remounted and on their way to the ferry. Clifford now began to doubt the fidelity of Simpson, and to suspect that his hesitation and delay had their origin in a cause less venial than the cravings of his stomach. It was evident that Birch expected them, and that had they been much later, they would not have encountered him alone. Still the long and tried fidelity of Simpson, who had been the confidential servant, both of his uncle and of Sir Hugh Stanton, and who had fought gallantly with the former at Edgehill, and Marston, rendered it very difficult to suspect him of treachery.

These thoughts agitated the mind of Clifford, and kept him in a very torturing state of uncertainty while he impelled his jaded steed towards

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the ferry. When arrived there, his heart sunk within him at beholding nought but the foaming Wye lashed into fury by the wind, and swollen by the excessive rains, without any trace either of Simpson or his boat.

"Alice," he said, "the fates make war against us. There is no peace or safety here. The headsman's block will be my portion, and the dungeons of Goodrich or Chepstow will be yours."

"We shall find peace, if not safety, Clifford," returned Alice, "in the bed of yonder Wye."

Clifford grasped her hand fervently. "Nay, one chance remains for us yet. Our steed may bear us to the opposite bank, and then let Birch and his myrmidons howl over their disappointed malignity. But hark, I hear Simpson's voice."

The trampling of horses was indeed heard, and Simpson's voice enforcing the necessity of speed. A light broke on the faces of Clifford and Alice as they turned round to hail their deliverer; but it was changed to the blackness of despair, when they saw, at the distance of about fifty yards from them, Simpson and colonel Birch riding abreast of each other, and followed by six horsemen. Clifford plunged his spurs into his courser's flanks, and impelled him to the water's edge. The horse, however, terrified at the appearance of the foaming river, reared and backed, and had nearly thrown

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his rider. A yell of savage exultation burst from the lips of Birch, who was now within hearing, but what was his astonishment at seeing the lovers dismount, and after tenderly embracing each other, disappear in the foaming torrent! Once the morning wave raised them on its bosom towards the skies—then subsided and closed over them for ever.

That evening, the 31st July, Goodrich Castle surrendered, and only four barrels of powder were found left. The lives of Sir Henry Lingen, and his officers and soldiers were guaranteed to them, but they were all declared prisoners of war, to be at colonel Birch's disposition.

It is said, that to this day the spirits of Alice and Clifford haunt the ruined towers of Goodrich, and are heard in every storm, shrieking on the swollen waters of the Wye. The vicinity of the fatal spot is carefully shunned on the anniversary of their catastrophe; and a peasant, more hardy than his comrades, who once ventured there on that day, is reported to have seen a horseman, with a female behind him, vainly urging his steed to cross the river. The terrified spectator hastened home to his companions, and the tale which he told heightened and confirmed the religious awe with which that spot has been ever since regarded, and which has kept it sacred from the intrusions of mortal footsteps on the day in question.

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MASTER AND MAN.

(An Irish Legend.)

Billy Mac Daniel was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a patron, emptied a quart, or handled a shillelah; fearing for nothing but the want of drink; caring for nothing but who should pay for it; and thinking of nothing but how to make fun over it: drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy Mac Daniel; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into or of ending a dispute. More is the pity that, through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy Mac Daniel fell into bad company; for surely the *good people* are the worst of all company any one could come across.

It so happened, that Billy was going home one clear frosty night, not long after Christmas; the moon was round and bright; but although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with the cold. "By my word," chattered Billy, "a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing

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to keep a man's soul from freezing in him; and I wish I had a full measure of the best."

"Never wish it twice, Billy," said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them; and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

"Success, my little fellow," said Billy Mac Daniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the *good people;* "here's your health, any way, and thank you kindly; no matter who pays for the drink;" and he took the glass and drained it to the very bottom, without ever taking a second breath to it.

"Success," said the little man; "and you're heartily welcome, Billy; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others—out with your purse and pay me like a gentleman."

"Is it I pay you?" said Billy: "could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?"

"Billy Mac Daniel," said the little man, getting very angry, "you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid —so make ready to follow me."

"When Billy heard this, he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the

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little man; and he felt himself, yet could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the livelong night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake without any rest.

When morning began to dawn, the little man turned round to him and said, "You may now go home, Billy, but on your peril don't fail to meet me in the Fort-field to night: or if you do, it may be the worse for you in the long run. If I find you a good servant, you will find me an indulgent master."

Home went Billy Mac Daniel; and though he was tired and weary enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man; but he was afraid not to do his bidding, so up he got in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him and said, "Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night; so saddle one of my horses, and you may saddle another for yourself, as you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night."

Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly: "But," said he, "if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask which is the way to your stable, for never a thing do I see but the Fort here, and the old thorn tree in the corner of

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the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the pit of bog over against us."

"Ask no questions, Billy," said the little man, "but go over to that bit of bog, and bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find."

Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man would be at; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

"Get up Billy," said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him, and striding across it.

"Where shall I get up, please your honour?" said Billy.

"Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure," said the little man.

"Is it after making a fool of me you'd be," said Billy, "bidding me get a-horseback upon that bit of a rush? May be you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but a little while ago out of the bog over there is a horse?"

"Up! up! and no words," said the little man, looking very angry; "the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it." So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush: "Borram! Borram! Borram!" cried the little man three times, (which, in English, means to become great), and Billy did the same

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after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed: but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs, without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to the horse's tail; and so quickly had his steed started off with him, that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

At last they came to their journey's end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house: "Now Billy," said the little man, "do as you see me do, and follow me close; but as you did not know your horse's head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can't tell whether you are standing on it or on your heels: for remember that old liquor, though able to make a cat speak, can make a man dumb."

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning —but he contrived to say them after him for all that; and in they both went through the key-hole of the door, and through one key-hole after another, until they got into the wine cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, nowise disliking the example, did the same. "The best of masters are you, surely,"

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said Billy to him; "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

"I have made no bargain with you," said the little man, "and will make none; but up and follow me." Away they went, through key-hole after key-hole; and each mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snow-balls, as soon as the words, "Borram, Borram, Borram," had passed their lips.

When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there—sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south, until there was not a gentleman's wine-cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavour of every wine in it as well—ay, better—than the butler himself.

One night when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to night, for may be we may bring back more company with us than we take." So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order

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given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow-servant.

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county of Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunniel, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward, and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then turning round all of a sudden, said, "Billy, I will be a thousand years old to morrow."

"God bless us! sir," said Billy, "will you?"

"Don't say these words again, Billy," said the little man, "or you will be my ruin for ever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married."

"I think so too, without any kind of doubt at all," said Billy, "if ever you mean to marry."

"And to that purpose," said the little man, "have I come all the way to Carrigogunniel; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me."

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'And what will Darby Riley say to that?" said Billy.

"Silence!" said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look; "I did not bring you here with me to ask questions."

In they both went; and for the better viewing the company, the little man perched himself up as nimbly as a cock-sparrow upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same on another facing him. There they were, both master and man, looking down on the fun that was going forward, and under them were the priest and the piper, and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son—and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had—and her four sisters with bran new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers all looking as clear and as clever as any three boys in Munster—and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins enough besides to make a full house of it—and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them, if they had been double the number.

Now it happened, just as Mrs. Rooney had helped his reverence with the first cut of the pig's head which was placed before her, beautifully

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bolstered up with white savoys, that the bride gave a sneeze which made every one at table start, but not a soul said, "God bless us." All thinking that the priest would have done so, as he ought if he had done his duty, no one wished to take the word out of his mouth, which unfortunately was pre-occupied with pig's head and greens. And after a moment's pause, the fun and merriment of the bridal feast went on without the pious benediction.

Of this circumstance, both Billy and his master were no inattentive spectators from their exalted stations. "Ha!" exclaimed the little man, throwing one leg from under him with a joyous flourish, and his eye twinkled with a strange light, whilst his eyebrows became elevated into the curvature of Gothic arches. "Ha!" said he, leering down at the bride, and then up at Billy, "I have half of her now, surely. Let her sneeze but twice more, and she is mine, in spite of priest, mass-book, and Darby Riley."

Again the fair Bridget sneezed; but it was so gently, and she blushed so much, that few except the little man took, or seemed to take, any notice; and no one thought of saying, "God bless us."

Billy all this time regarded the poor girl with a most rueful expression of countenance; for he could not help thinking what a terrible thing it was

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for a nice young girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes, transparent skin, and dimpled cheeks, suffused with health and joy, to be obliged to marry an ugly little bit of a man, who was a thousand years old, barring a day.

At this critical moment the bride gave a third sneeze, and Billy roared out with all his might, "God bless us!" Whether this exclamation resulted from his soliloquy, or from the mere force of habit, he never could tell exactly himself; but no sooner was it uttered, than the little man, his face glowing with rage and disappointment, sprung from the beam on which he had perched himself, and shrieking out in the shrill voice of a cracked bagpipe, "I discharge you my service, Billy Mac Daniel—take *that* for your wages," gave poor Billy a most furious kick in the back, which sent his unfortunate servant sprawling on his face and hands right in the middle of the supper-table.

If Billy was astonished, how much more so was every one of the company into which he was thrown with so little ceremony? But when they heard his story, Father Cooney laid down his knife and fork, and married the young couple out of hand with all speed; and Billy Mac Daniel danced the Rinka at their wedding, and plenty did he drink at it too, which was what he thought more of than dancing.

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MODERN VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

THE editor of "National Tales," contemplates the publication of an occasional volume of *Voyages and Travels*, translated and selected from the most recent and interesting foreign works, particularly from the journals of European travellers, not generally known in the United States.

Considering what has already been accomplished, it is not to be expected that any extensive geographical discoveries remain to be made; yet there are many problems of which it would be desirous to obtain the solution, and much interesting information in store, respecting countries and nations, which afford inexhaustable materials to an enlightened traveller. This has stimulated numerous individuals to arduous and dangerous expeditions, and some have even been fitted out at the expense of sovereigns. Much of the information, however, obtained by these means, being confined to a foreign language, and frequently inserted in obscure periodicals, a great mass of valuable and interesting matter is lost to the English reader. In Germany, and latterly in Great Britain, this defect has been greatly obviated by the establishment of works embracing only recent discoveries; and they have met, as they deserved, with the most flattering encouragement.

Although it is intended to adopt these works as a model, no selections will be made from them for the proposed publication that do not possess novel-

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ty, and seem worthy of preservation. Among the numerous articles already prepared are the following:

Pilgrimages in the East; by O. Von Richter.
Tour in Norway; by F. Boie.
Manners and Customs of the Russians and Tartars in the Government of Kassan; by I. F. Erdmann.
The Oasis of Siwah; by Caillaud and Drovetti.
Account of Volcanoes now burning.
The Eternal Fire on the Banks of the Caspian Sea; by I. Eichfeld.

"Modern Voyages and Travels" will be printed uniform with "National Tales," and on the same moderate terms. Whenever it is ascertained that the work is likely to be patronized, the first volume will be put to press.

IN PRESS.—THE NOVICE; or MAN OF INTEGRITY. From the French of L. B. PICARD, author of the Gil Blas of the Revolution, &c. in 2 vols. 12mo.

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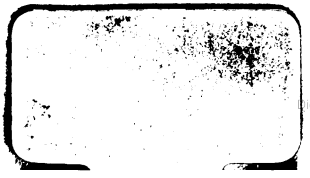

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